

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 15, 1992 \$4.50

HANGING 'EM UP

**Sugar Ray Leonard
Tells Why He's Retiring**



"IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE." A TERRIFYING
THOUGHT TO SOME. HERE'S TO THOSE IT INSPIRES.

Kitty O'Neil is 5 ft. 3 in.
tall, weighs 98 pounds and has
been deaf since childhood. But
that hasn't slowed her down.

She's set 26 world speed
records on land, 2 on water
and 1 on waterskis. (Includ-
ing the Women's World Land
Speed Record — with a top
speed of 618 mph.) And she
was the first stuntwoman to
perform a 180 ft. high fall
and a 90 ft. high fall while on
fire (another world record).

Kitty O'Neil has been
through a lot. And after a day
spent doing things that haven't
been done before, Kitty O'Neil
does something she has done
before: she enjoys a Cutty Sark.

Kitty O'Neil

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Who needs criticism?



Jackie Stewart Three-time world champion driver,
now consultant to Ford Motor Company.
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I've made my living over the years driving cars. Grand Prix cars, sports cars, rally cars, the most honest cars in the world.

You name it, I've driven it.

But in doing so, I've always told a builder just what I thought of his pride and joy.

Blame my skeptical nature.

That's part of it. But the rest of it is the fact that to earn my pay I had to drive the car.

And, at some point, drive it very hard.

And that's what the people at Ford have invited me to do. Drive hard, and tell them what I think—good or bad.

Apparently, they believe the unbiased opinion of a qualified outsider will help build better cars.

They want me to be an honest critic.

It's an unusual position.

But at today's Ford Motor Company, it's not business as usual.

I've seen proof of this in the 1983 Ford, Lincoln, and Mercury cars.

They're full of new ideas.

Microprocessors, electronic engine controls, space-age materials, robotic assembly, employee commitment to quality, are just a few of the things I've had to take in while learning about how things are done today at Ford.

Things have changed.

I'm convinced things have changed at Ford. And I'm glad to be part of it. Even though my part may be that of a critic.

To my way of thinking that's all to the good. Most car builders will listen to constructive criticism. But I know one company that goes even further, by actively seeking it.

Today, having a resident car critic is certainly a new way of doing business.

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Why an ear, nose and throat man went into radishes, lettuce and peppers.



It began small, a quarter century ago.

In a back room of his house, Dr. Maynard Murray, a Chicago physician, started a hydroponic garden.

Instead of growing vegetables in soil, he grew them in a solution of water and minerals. And produced enough to feed a family of four.

Encouraged, Dr. Murray moved to Florida and went into

hydroponic farming commercially.

Today, he has 178 beds, each 100 feet long and a yard across, growing vegetables in water.

Pumps developed by the people of ITT Bell & Gossett flood the beds twice a day using minerals, like "sea solids," dissolved in the water to feed the vegetables.

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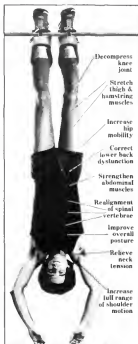
It's also economical — and oblivious to weather.

Of course, hydroponic farming requires dependable, trouble-free pumps. (Dr. Murray is still using the same ITT pumps he started with.)

At ITT, our pumps are used in homes and industry, for everything from air conditioning to etching computer chips.

But we feel a particular pride in helping a business like Dr. Murray's — something that's just beginning to grow.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



MOSES: THE BIGGEST WHEEL ON OUR STAFF

It's one of the more familiar scenes in sports: There are the race drivers up on the victory stand, looking suitably oil-stained and rumpled, amid a great gushing of champagne (except at the Indy 500, where the victory drink is milk, which is nice, but just not the same, *Milk!*). No matter how many times one sees this tableau, it imparts the same warm sense of triumph over adversity. And it's even better when one of the drivers is someone we know—in this case, Associate Writer Sam Moses.

What's more, Moses' making it to a victory stand was all in the line of duty, because driving race cars is part of a long-term project that should result in a story for *SI* in a year or so. Last March Moses went to the British School of Motor Racing in Riverside, Calif. He has now completed 10 races, driving mostly Formula Fords. His first race, however, was in the VW Rabbit above, and he crossed the finish line backward in a slide. He has since had one first, three seconds and four thirds. Then at Riverside International Raceway a couple of weekends ago Moses finished second in the Media Challenge at the North American Formula Ford Festival, and got the spritz of champagne on the victory stand. Next season, more

races in more muscular cars, possibly a turbocharged Porsche 935.

All this motoring comes between Moses' regular assignments covering news events and doing profiles, such as his piece on Indy driver Rick Mears, which begins on page 52. Moses is determined to live two lives, as writer and racer, for as long as it takes to get the story. Well, really more like three lives, because when he's not occupied by his two main pursuits, he's just your average Key West citizen, with a windsurfer ready for the beach and a gloriously sinister old black bicycle he keeps in the hall. For more dressy occasions, he wheels around town in a dented 1977 Chevy pickup. And Moses shares his apartment with a Key West cat, about which more in a moment.

Determination to get the story more or less marks Moses' career with *SI*. In 1977, he helped set a world record as one of a four-man motorcycle team that averaged a stunning 188.49 km per hour in a 24-hour run at the Daytona Speedway. In 1980 he went on an expedition to the Carstensz Pyramid in New Guinea, climbing a 16,023-foot mountain, guided by erstwhile cannibals (*SI*, March 2 and 9, 1981). Then he crewed aboard the good ketch *Natoma* in the 1981 TransPac race. Last winter Moses went after bobcat with a trapper in the wilds of northern Maine.

Which brings us back to the cat. This kitten was cruelly flung from a speeding car in front of the Full Moon Saloon in Key West, which Moses just happened to have chosen for his first date with his girl friend, Debbie Schoneck. Debbie wanted that cat, which they promptly named Moon, and Moses invested about \$100 in veterinary fees to put him back in running condition. Moon subsequently lost the tip of his tail to a cabinet door and most of his meow to a raging lung infection. Now recovered, he speaks to Sam in something of a rasp. Still, they understand each other. As folks do who live more than one life.

Philip D. Haver

As an investment, this suit is equivalent to buying Xerox® in 1960.

We will tell you straightaway that if you are one of those timorous souls who needs the comfort and security of a fancy label before you buy, turn the page.

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The fine worsted woolens used in this suit cost \$14 a yard. That's more than is generally spent on suits costing well over \$300. And the lining is the finest Bernberg cloth.

The construction throughout the suit features innumerable fine touches: A cigarette pocket. French-tab fly. Reese pocket flaps. Hand-set collars and shoulders. And a book vent at the bottom of the coat lining.

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WHAT'S HE SAYING?



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WHO'S SMILING?



WHAT'S HE THINKING?



WHO'S NEWS?



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Angele



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How to keep ripe avocados longer



A fully ripened avocado will keep a week—maybe longer—in the crisper of your refrigerator.

California Avocados



PERSPECTIVE

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

OH SAY, WHO CAN SEE BEST WHERE A TENNIS BALL BOUNCES ON THE COURT?

In tennis, line calling is the root of most evil. Major tournaments like Wimbledon and the U.S. Open use an electronic eye to call the service lines, but every other call is made—and often disputed—by human eyewitnesses.

Arguments often arise during matches because everyone is sure he or she is in the best position to see where the ball bounced. Players say that they are often closest to the bounce and contend that the feel of each shot tells them where the ball will land. The chair umpire prefers the view from his court-side throne. Fans swear by their high vantage points, and TV commentators rely on slow-motion replays. The linespeople—the folks actually designated to make the calls—say, "None of the above," and claim incontestable superiority.

To bury the argument for good, the USTA recently subsidized an exhaustive study of vision in tennis. Coach Vic Braden and Dr. Gideon Ariel, computer scientist and biomechanist, conducted the study at their Coto Research Center south of Los Angeles, pouring in \$50,000 of their own money to supplement the USTA's \$20,000.

The subjects included eight veteran officials; 12 teaching pros, many with tournament experience, who took part on a rotating basis both on the court and in the stands; and one man untutored in playing or in line calling. On-court subjects estimated where the ball bounced while they hit or received shots, and other subjects made calls from 20 seated positions at various angles and distances from the court. The people in seats were prevented from looking for the ball mark.

Braden and Ariel compared the subjects' estimates to the locations of the ball marks, as measured from the nearest lines, confirmed by an ultra-high-speed film taken during the tests and reconfirmed by a computer's three-dimensional analysis of the film.

Pinpointing the bounce of a ball that travels at speeds up to 140 mph and stays on the court surface for about 3/1000th of a second proved more challenging than anyone had expected. Subjects

found it especially difficult to call a service line or baseline because the ball flashed across their field of vision so quickly. The toughest shots to call were sharply angled spinning serves because they combine high velocity with a sudden change of direction.

The least accurate calls were made by those self-proclaimed paragons of good vision, the players. Whether serving, returning serve or hitting balls from the baseline, they scored miserably, and almost 40% of the time they admitted that their calls were nothing more than guesses. The worst group, players returning serve, missed calls on incoming shots by as much as three feet.

Braden gives four reasons for the players' woeful showing. First, a player moves so much that he almost never gets a stationary fix on the ball's flight. (To see how drastically motion impairs vision, jiggle this magazine rapidly and try to keep reading.) Second, when a player hits the ball across the net, he's generally too far away to see precisely where it bounces. Third, when a ball whizzes in close to a player, it goes through his field of vision too fast to track. And fourth, when the game is played at a fast pace, a player often takes his eyes off the ball before beginning his stroke.

This last point may seem impossible to believe, but Braden has studied an enormous number of action photos of players, and he says that on many strokes the pupils of a player's eyes are no longer aimed at the ball once it has crossed to his side of the net. Thus the ball may leave the player's central field of vision just before it bounces, and by the time it reaches his racket, the player's eyes may be focused all the way upcourt. Braden and Ariel found that players who forced themselves to watch for the bounce made clumsy, inaccurate strokes.

How can a player hit the ball if he doesn't watch it bounce to his racket? According to Braden and many tennis-minded ophthalmologists, an experienced player follows a largely unconscious rhythm. He gets clues on the ball's trajectory, speed and spin from his opponent's stroke, tracks the ball to his side of the net and then swings his racket where he knows the ball should be.

Though the seated subjects fared better than the players, they too revealed some definite weaknesses. Those in the

continued

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$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce

1 medium tomato, peeled, seeded and chopped fine

A dash or two of hot sauce, to taste

Combine all ingredients and serve with corn or
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Then pop open a Natural Light for the perfect combination, delicious "Guacamole" dip and the beer with the taste for food.



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PERSPECTIVE continued

umpire's chair missed only half as many calls as the players, but they did poorly when their heads were moving or when balls were hit into the service boxes nearest the chair. Subjects in selected seats fans might occupy at a match scored as well as the chair umpire when they could sight directly down a line, but from other angles they did much worse.

Although Braden and Ariel didn't test TV commentators, Braden dismisses the value of TV replays on technical grounds. "Our research shows that television cameras have the same perspective problems as humans," he says, "so you'd need a herd of them to do the job right. And replays on standard commercial equipment don't slow the ball's flight enough to freeze it at impact on the court."

Interestingly enough, the subjects who made the best calls were those in the conventional linespeople's positions—sitting a few yards off the court, sighting down a single line and keeping as still as possible. Experienced linespeople outdid inexperienced subjects, but even the man making calls for the first time in his life outdid every one of the players.

Overall, this group missed only half as many calls as the subjects in the umpire's chair or in the positions of well-placed fans, and they missed one-fourth as many calls as the players. During one series of shots (about 50) they made no mistakes.

Realistically, one can't expect linespeople to perform this well in tournaments, where they can be confronted by fatigue and eyestrain. In trying to maintain concentration for hours, they can become mesmerized by the line and their vision can become blurred.

In addition, some linespeople may be hampered by untested-for visual deficiencies. Most nations require officials to qualify by scoring 20/20 with or without corrective lenses when reading a stationary chart, but no nation tests for the quite different visual ability needed in line calling: tracking a moving ball and establishing its relationship to a stationary line.

Nevertheless, the Braden-Ariel study proves that linespeople are normally in the best positions to see where the ball bounces, and it shows that argumentative players, chair umpires and second-guessing fans and TV commentators are far more fallible. Though some of the linespeople are fooled some of the time, it's clear that nobody else can consistently call the lines as well. That's one point everybody should be able to see.

END

"Gentlemen, we've got a problem: Northwestern Mutual Life."

"I'm referring to a new plan they devised that enables their policyowners to increase their dividends! Some up to 40% or more. And that's without an increase in premiums. The Northwestern calls it Update '83.

"Disappointing, wouldn't you say?

"How many times must we be upstaged by the so-called 'Quiet' Company? Last year it was their Extra Ordinary Term policy that combines the protection of term insurance with the advantages of whole life. Do you know what that means? While maintaining level premiums, Extra Ordinary Term builds cash value!!

"And how can we forget their Update '80, where they provided over three billion dollars in extra coverage to their permanent

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"It's embarrassing, gentlemen. But my solution is this: since Northwestern Mutual has been innovating for over a century and is not about to stop, I advise that we get on the stick... and start."

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VIEWPOINT

by HARRY MIDDLETON

THE BALANCE SHEET FOR AN OUTDOOR LIFE: IN SUM, IT'S WORTH EVERY PENNY

With autumn, there comes a sense of change, and it seems a good season to begin looking back at the year past, to take stock of profits and losses, to see just what a life led trying to get into the woods costs these days.

Like those of most outdoorsmen, my economies are in bad shape, my cash flow a miserable shambles with a great deal flowing out and little flowing in. For the man determined to live the outdoor life there is, it seems, always some new piece of equipment that absolutely must be acquired—a certain coat for spending the nights in the mountains, a special hat for Western rivers, heavy-duty waders for tracking tricky trout, a particular flashlight for stormy August nights along the Guadalupe River in Texas when the earth rattles and shakes.

Last December, while my son sang carols of brotherhood and peace on earth and my wife sipped eggnog by an ash wood fire, I was curled up in the study in my home in Baton Rouge with the latest editions of the outdoors catalogs, affirming my faith in spring's certain arrival by ordering two new rods and reels at \$125 each. By mid-May I had three fish to my credit, the rewards of five tines that many fishing trips. And all three were taken not with the sparkling new rods and reels but with my son's cane pole, a No. 8 hook and spring, angleworms, fat and active.

This year I have contributed more than \$300 to L.L. Bean, Inc. of Freeport, Maine, most of it for warm clothes to insulate me from the icy mists that hang low in the mountain hollows and meadows like heavy white drapery. I also purchased a pair of field binoculars (\$146) to put me eye to eye with the barred owls that live in the dead oak at the north wood's edge. In January I wrote out a check for \$50 for a held hag in the belief that a man in the woods needs some place to keep his water bottle, compass, extra note pad, dry matches and chocolate bars. In February I traded in the field hag for a Kelly backpack (\$140) because sooner or later a man who keeps going into the woods finds it more and more

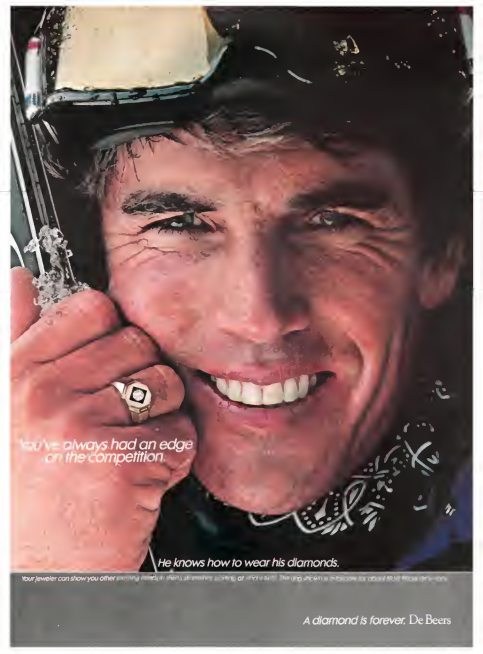
difficult to come out and wants to stay a day rather than an afternoon, a week rather than a day. There is enough room in my Kelly pack to provide for a month.

Three pairs of hiking boots were bought between April and November, each one supposedly lighter, more durable, better than the last, but of course any walk over 50 miles is difficult, no matter what a man has on his feet. The boots set me back a total of \$240; Band-Aids and moleskin, \$375. I have walked and walked, leaving my car behind whenever possible, whenever there was a path into the woods. For two weeks I walked the Appalachian Trail in Virginia, I came home to walk the Tunica hills along the Mississippi-Louisiana border in the crisp, cold days of late October. I walked the Rose River in Virginia and saw mist rise like smoke in the North Carolina mountains. Almost every night at home I walk the woods along the Mississippi River. I am on the third pair of boots.

Instead of roosting the house in May I bought a canoe, a 17-footer, sleek and sturdy. It was a used canoe, good enough for a used hiker and rafter, and it came with two ash paddles and a rich history, all for \$700. Unlike me, the canoe has been on Maine's Allagash and St. John rivers, the Wolf in Wisconsin and the Snake out West. It is somehow reassuring to keep company with something so well traveled. A man who dreams of rivers fast and twisting, lazy and wide, also dreams of canoes. For now my canoe is in the shed, set upside down on two makeshift wooden sawhorses. I will most likely spend the winter months cleaning her up, dreaming all the while of Arkansas's Buffalo River in April, its first, dark water taking the used canoe firmly by its lightweight hull.

In the last year I have paid out \$500 to Nikon for repairs to my camera after I dropped it in a pool of the Rose River as I was reaching for a flat stone at the pool's bottom, a piece of green stone the color of polished emerald. Along with the camera I ruined a roll of film and 36 frames of water striders skating on the river's surface with wild abandon. When it comes to photography, my luck is not good. For the entire year to date my books show that I have paid out \$290 on film alone and so far all I have to show for this considerable outlay are some excellent snapshots of a great gray owl perfectly concealed in the dense foliage of an oak tree, a stunning close-up of a black-crowned

continued



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WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



STEPHEN GRAHAM

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married:** One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

I'm meeting all kinds of people who are doing the same.

"Most important of all, I'm learning more about human care needs. And how—as a United Way volunteer—I can make a difference here in Seattle. It's a valuable lesson in leadership.

"By helping shape my community's future, through United Way, I'm more than just living my life. I'm fulfilling it."

"Because there's more to my life than just me.

"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timberline. And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way adds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to work for the benefit of the entire community. And



Thanks to you...it works... for ALL OF US **United Way**

VIEWPOINT continued

night heron's orange beak and a panoramic view of a hailstorm at White Oak Swamp in Virginia.

Additional sums went for heavy-duty wool walking socks, six pairs, \$50; three bandannas (red, blue and green), \$6. I don't know where I lost my hand lens, though I suspect it was in the Atchafalaya Swamp, where I spent a September day on my hands and knees searching for a fishing spider and finding instead hordes of red bugs, black mosquitoes and large patches of poison ivy. I spent \$76 for subscriptions to outdoors magazines on places I will probably never visit, although every year I make plans for some great adventure.

In Arkansas in August I spent \$12 on the *Field Guide to the Insects of America North of Mexico* so that I could learn what variety of spider I had spent the night with in my sleeping bag. For a tent weighing less than 10 pounds I gladly paid \$80. Like the canoe, it was used. My receipts also show that I have forked over more than \$200 this year for groceries to fill the Kelly backpack, mostly peanut butter and jelly, Spam, Vienna sausage, cheese and crackers, hard-boiled eggs, M & M's and orange juice. Not far from Mississippi's DeSoto National Forest I put out another \$12 for the *Field Guide to Animal Tracks* to discover what the nervous little animal keeping me up at night was. It was a field rat, a hungry one.

My books show a total of \$50 for maps and camping permits. Even wilderness is not free these days. And \$10 for various hats to keep the sun out of my eyes and the ticks out of my hair.

And there they are, my expenditures and outlays, my expenses and acquisitions so far this year. I have bought more than I need, probably. Surely more than I will use, but even so it's good to have these things at hand. You never know when you might need a case of bug dope or a blue bandanna to repel a harsh sun.

The returns on my investments don't fit on any standard balance sheet. Instead, they come in the form of October light, setting the Appalachian Mountains on fire with a blaze of color, the cold rush of the Rose River, the cry of the osprey in the marsh, the green heron at the swamp's edge, winding paths through the shadowy woods. Wilderness gives far more than it takes. Always. My books are balanced.

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*Remember...prepare this estimate to the EPA. Estimated MPG for other gasoline-powered cars with manual transmissions. You still may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. A full highway mileage will probably be less than the Highway 42 mile.

**Subcompact car class as defined by EPA.

***Manufacturer's suggested retail price, including destination. Dealer's actual retail price may vary. Price does not include tax, license, title and optional or regionally required equipment.

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FRONT!

WHEEL
DRIVE

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THE NFL STRIKE: A LEGACY OF PRIMITIVENESS AND MISCALCULATION

As another week of the NFL strike—the seventh—passed without a settlement, all the two sides had to show for their haggling was increased bitterness and a growing sense of doom about the already mangled 1982 season. As the owners' top negotiator, Jack Donlan, put it on Saturday, "We are not close philosophically, conceptually or economically."

What was the problem? Pro football wasn't exactly a depressed industry. The owners weren't going broke. The work force was well paid. No one could plead poverty. Why couldn't the owners and the players work things out?

The answers offered by Jack Getman, a professor of labor law at Yale, make as much sense as anything we've heard on the subject so far. Getman, who has engaged in labor negotiations on behalf of the United Steelworkers, the Connecticut state police and various teachers' groups, once taught a course on sports law at Yale and has kept an eye on the NFL negotiations. Getman notes that labor-management relations in professional sports tend to be relatively primitive and, at the same time, complex.

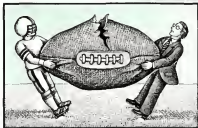
"Because of the structure of organized sport, it's not easy for the negotiating teams to make decisions to compromise," Getman says. "General Motors' negotiators come to the bargaining table with broad discretion, and only occasionally have to check back for instructions. In sport, with separate teams and ownerships, there are more constituencies for management negotiators to deal with. The players have conflicting constituencies, too. Player reps are under pressure from the linemen to be tough and from the stars to be softer. Other unions—the U.A.W., the Steelworkers—also have differences, but they've learned techniques for resolving them. I don't have the sense that the NFL union has been very efficient in developing those techniques."

In Getman's view, in fact, neither the management nor the union leadership has evinced much skill in dealing with its own people. "It's always easy to criticize the people across the table from you," he says. "But it's a measure of professionalism to be able to talk tough to your own people, to tell them at some point, 'You're full of ---, You're cutting your own throat.'" Getman feels that NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey scores lower than chief management negotiator Jack Donlan in this area, possibly because of insecurity over having been outfoxed in the last contract settlement in 1977. "Talking compromise to the players doesn't seem to be a task Garvey relishes. It's just speculation on my part, but if he makes the kind of speeches at the table that he does in public, it can't be healthy for negotiations. He makes

and remakes the same points, which can be annoying, and he doesn't seem to listen to what other people are saying."

Another problem cited by Getman has to do with attitude. He observes that many pro sports owners are self-made men with an anti-union bent and tend to be "buccaners" by nature. In selecting labor negotiators they tend to pass over those who emphasize accommodation with unions and settle instead on we'll-show-them-who's-boss types like baseball's Ray Grebey and the NFL's Donlan. However, Getman discounts rhetoric by player reps that Donlan wants to "bust

the union." He points out that the NFL needs a union to protect itself from prosecution for antitrust violations. "A lot of what the NFL does—college drafts, trades, restrictions on free agency—is clearly in restraint of trade," Getman says. "The NFL can get away with it only because it has bargained for those things with the union. But the league would like to keep the union weak. It's bargaining, not to kill the union, but to assert domination."



It was clear that the owners had made Garvey's job easier by misreading the mood of the players. The big rookie contracts of the last few years generated a great rumbling among the masses. The lessons learned since the Pop Warner League—one mustn't rock the boat, mustn't do anything to disrupt team unity—die hard. But those lessons have been undermined by a growing resentment toward a system that rewards a glamorous rookie more for his senior year in college than it does a workaday performer for a whole NFL career. It was to this discontent that Garvey attained his contract demands—a wage scale and greater job security for veteran players. He found the right issues for his membership. He struck a nerve. And what did the owners do? They threatened to fine the players for shaking hands. They said, we won't negotiate your concepts. They did some of Garvey's work for him. They firmed the players up.

There are two other actors in this drama who need to be mentioned. One is Sam Kagel, the 73-year-old veteran of many labor wars who showed up to mediate the talks three weeks ago. Kagel is a head-knocker, and there's reason to think that the last thing needed at the table was a third hard-nosed party. The other protagonist is the press, whose periodic reporting of "progress" in the talks, sometimes based on information from just one side, only prompted the other side, or so it often seemed, to stiffen its resolve. "The press has been used to carry messages back and forth," said Getman. "It has been used to create a crisis atmosphere." As if the rival sides in this dispute needed any help on that score.

continued

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MOST VALUABLE PAPA

An event much discussed by TV commentators during the World Series took place six days after the Cardinals' Bruce Sutter struck out Gorman Thomas of the Brewers for the final out in the fall classic. At 9:30 a.m. on Oct. 26, Michele Yount gave birth to a son. Mother and child are doing well and so is the father, Brewers shortstop Robin Yount. The whole family will be doing even better this week if, as expected, Justin Yount's father is named the American League's Most Valuable Player for 1982.

COLOR THE VOTE GREEN

Last week's election results appear to have strengthened the hand of environmentalist forces for the expected Congressional showdown over the Reagan Administration's efforts to weaken the Clean Air Act and Clean Water Act. Through forced or voluntary retirement, 81 current House members will be gone when the 98th Congress convenes in January, and John McComb, director of the Sierra Club's Washington, D.C., office, says that only 29 of the departing legislators are regarded as pro-environmentalist. On the other hand, more than half of those taking their places fit that description, resulting in what McComb calculates as "a net gain of some 15 seats." The good news for environmentalists in the Senate is that two Republican leaders who have bucked the White House and taken strong pro-environmental stands, Vermont's Robert T. Stafford and Rhode Island's John H. Chafee, as well as a prominent environmentally oriented Democrat, George J. Mitchell of Maine, all beat back vigorous challenges to win reelection.

There were also disappointments for environmentalists, notably the defeat of Democratic U.S. Senate candidates Toby Moffett in Connecticut and Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr. in California. Generally, however, environmentalists had reason to be pleased with the results of an unprecedented grass-roots campaign on their part to get out "the green vote." Although they could scarcely take credit for all the favorable results, the environmental issue was definitely a factor in the ouster of Senator Harrison H. Schmidt of New Mexico, a Republican with an appalling environmental record. Schmidt was upset by Democrat Jeff Bingaman, who had a small army of environ-

mentalists stuffing envelopes and making phone calls for him. In what became an informal battle cry, Bingaman's supporters asked a question about former astronaut Schmitt that vaguely evoked environmental associations: "What on earth has he ever done?"

Significantly, even some politicians on the other side of the trenches felt the need to identify themselves with environmentalism. Republican Representative Dan Crane of Illinois, who won reelection, ran radio commercials claiming that the League of Conservation Voters had, in some unspecified way, "honored" him when in fact he had a less-than-mediocre 43% rating from that organization. Crane pulled the commercials after the league complained. Another House incumbent who was returned to office despite an even sorer environmental record, Florida Democrat William Chappell, was able to exploit what may have been a small tactical blunder by the Sierra Club. Chappell was one of 281 Congressmen who voted to ban oil and gas exploration in wilderness areas. All of them received thank-you notes from the Sierra Club. Under attack by challenger Reid Hughes for his otherwise uninspiring environmental record, Chappell used the note in his campaign ads as a rebuttal.

BOWIE'S BANISHMENT

The firing of Bowie Kuhn defies all logic, and not because Kuhn has done an exemplary job during his 13-plus years as baseball commissioner. On the contrary, even his supposed achievements have often been illusory. Although Kuhn has been given high marks in some quarters for protecting the game's "integrity," the use of that word is mocked by the fact that he has all too often appeared to play favorites and bear grudges in dispensing justice. For example, his \$100,000 fine of San Diego owner Ray Kroc for tampering in 1979 was suspected by some to have been leveled in retaliation for Kroc's having spoken against Kuhn when he was up for reelection four years earlier. Kuhn also banned Willie Mays from baseball for a connection with legalized gambling—Mays is a glad-hander for an Atlantic City casino—while voicing no such objection to the fact that Pirate owner John Galbreath and Yankee owner George Steinbrenner have been deeply involved in horse racing, both as breeders and racetrack owners.

But if the commissioner has sometimes followed a double standard, the owners who employ him appear to have no standards at all. They chose not to elect him to a third seven-year term even though they had no successor in mind and, startlingly, even though they hadn't yet agreed on a redefinition of his office that would be required under an envisioned restructuring of the game's high command. In other words, Kuhn was deemed unqualified to continue in a job whose qualifications aren't even known.

That the owners may have been putting the cart well before the horse in sacking Kuhn is only one of many indications that there's a leadership crisis in baseball. Another is the fact that Kuhn will now apparently stay on the job until next August, leaving baseball with a lame-duck commissioner for more than nine months. A third is the schizophrenia that has resulted in the American League having a designated hitter and the National League not using one. Yet another is the very voting procedure under which Kuhn was ousted; he needed approval of three-fourths of each league's owners to win another term, and his reelection was blocked by the votes of only five National League owners.

The Alice-in-Wonderland approach to the question of whether to rehire Kuhn called to mind the election in 1965 of his immediate predecessor, retired Air Force General William D. Eckert, during which some of the owners reportedly were under the impression that they were voting for Retired Air Force General Eugene Zuckert. One can't shake the suspicion that some of the National League owners who voted against Bowie Kuhn thought they were firing Harvey Kuenn.

THEY SAID IT

• Doug Dieken, Cleveland Browns tackle, after he and several other NFL player reps met with Commissioner Pete Rozelle at Rozelle's office to discuss the strike: "The most significant thing that came out of it was that they told us not to steal the ashtrays."

• Fred Paulsen, basketball coach at Anoka-Ramsey Community College in Coon Rapids, Minn., evaluating his team's prospects: "We have a solid bench. Now all we need is some solid players."



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It Was A Herschel Walkover

Georgia's out-of-this-world tailback put the Bulldogs on top of the world in a 44-0 trouncing of Florida

by JACK McCALLUM

Given the intense—some would say fanatic—rivalry that exists between Georgia and Florida in football, Herschel Walker received the ultimate accolade last Saturday. After helping the Bulldogs destroy the Gators 44-0, he left the Georgia locker room in the Gator Bowl wearing a white shirt, black tie, black sweater-vest, black socks, neatly pressed black pants, black shoes, red Georgia blazer—and a straw hat with an orange-and-green Gator button pinned on it.

A Gator button?

"A fan gave it to me after the game," Walker explained as a cordon of policemen prepared to lead him out a side door and away from a mob of admirers waiting at the front door. "The guy said that after seeing the game he'd decided to convert."

Lord, when a Gator fan switches to the Bulldogs, we're talking serious evangelism. Why, just the day before the game, a white-haired, gentle-looking matron, watching her beloved Florida team go through a light workout, urged Linebacker Fernando Jackson to "break that Herschel's leg." Where is she now? Probably waiting in line in Athens, Ga. for 1983 season tickets.

If Walker, a junior tailback and criminology major,

continued

In the first quarter, Walker high-stepped by the Gators for the game's opening TD.

should announce that he's leaving school to become a superstar in the pros, or to crack crimes for the FBI, or to go to Katmandu to escape the press, the sigh of relief in Gainesville will be audible on every campus in the SEC. In three victories against the Gators in the wild affair known as The World's Largest Cocktail Party, Walker has averaged 216 yards and scored eight touchdowns.

Last Saturday Walker drove additional Gators to drink by racking up 219 yards on 35 carries in about 2½ quarters. He and the white panty hose he wears to protect his legs from muscle pulls departed after Walker scored his third touchdown on a one-yard plunge to put Georgia ahead 27-0. What might Walker have accomplished if he'd remained in the game?

"He'd have gotten another 150 yards," said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley, "but it just wouldn't have been the right thing to do."

Nor the smart thing. Walker had a cold—"That's why I'm talking funny," he said—and he has taken to wearing a lower-back buckler for protection against the late and illegal hits he's been taking. He did allow, though, that the Gator defense "played with sportsmanship"—if not with notable success.

Besides, victory was assured after the last Walker touchdown, and with top-rated Pitt losing to Notre Dame (see following story), a solid win was all Georgia needed to move up in the polls. SI ranks the Bulldogs No. 1. With a win at Auburn this Saturday, the unbeaten 'Dawgs can clinch their third straight SEC title and another trip to the Sugar Bowl. LSU, which dumped Alabama on Saturday (see page 37) to also stay unbeaten, is nonetheless second in the conference standings because of a 24-24 tie with Tennessee.

Florida earned a trip out of the Top 20 with its performance. The Gators gained

only 34 yards on 31 carries (average?—you don't want to know) and, more embarrassing, only 146 in the air. Quarterback Wayne Peace, who came into the game as the nation's best percentage passer (74.1%), completed 10 of 19 for only 102 yards. "I'm not going to pretend to be smart enough to tell you why tonight happened," said Florida Coach Charley Pell.

One thing did seem apparent, however. Florida's usually aggressive defense—"Sometimes I think they hit a little late," Dooley said before the game—played pussycat in front of Henschel's bulldog. "I feel worse about the loss this year because he [Walker] didn't even have to pay for it," said Gator Cornerback Ivory Curry. "Last year we punished him. But this year we made it simple for him."

Which is something Georgia's defense didn't do for Florida. Early in the first quarter the 'Dawgs' superb secondary blanketed the Gator receivers as Peace

It added up to only one of his 219 yards, but Walker's third TD of the day came when he launched himself over the Gator defenders.



retreated back, back, back under heavy pressure from Defensive Guard Kevin Jackson and Defensive End Stan Dooley, until he fumbled and Dooley recovered at the Florida 37. From there it was Walker for seven and then Walker for 30 and a TD on a superb run, during which he juked Free Safety Tony Lilly, perhaps Florida's surest tackler, off his feet and carried Strong Safety Randy Clark on his back the final five yards.

Peace then moved the Gators to the Georgia 17 before the Bulldog secondary reasserted itself. On second down, Terry Hooge's safety blitz forced Peace to hurry a pass. Incomplete. On third down Peace lofted a pass that Wide Receiver Tyrone Young was supposed to run under, but instead it was Georgia Free Safety Jeff Sanchez who was at ground zero. Interception—the first of two for Sanchez as the Bulldogs increased their NCAA-leading total to 31.

The next time Florida got the ball, Georgia's defense applied the crusher by stopping the Gators on a fourth-and-one at the 'Dawgs' goal line. Though Florida's James Jones had been having success to that point—he had gained 37 yards on 10 carries—Lorenzo Hampton got the call on both third and fourth downs and came up short.

No one was about to stop Walker on the 80-yard drive that followed Sanchez' interception. He gained 50 yards on 10 carries, and did it every which way. He used his sprinter's speed to simply outrun defenders around the corner to gain 13 yards on a pitchout. He used his balance to pick up four yards after stumbling and almost falling behind the line of scrimmage. He used his quick reactions to cut back off a block and gain five yards. He used his strength to batter the middle of the stacked Florida line for two yards near the goal line. And he used his booster rockets to launch himself up and over the line on his one-yard plunge.

"What I noticed right away was how much better Herschel is reading blocks and holes," said Georgia's 1980 and '81 starting Quarterback Buck Belue, a TV color commentator at the game. "The other areas, his strength and speed, were sort of hard to improve on, though I think he's even better there, too."

What's more, Walker has the dependability that great backs have to have. For example, the Bulldogs, leading 14-0, started a second-quarter series from their



The Bulldogs' Sanchez declared war on Gator passer Peace with two interceptions.

own 12 after Sanchez' second interception, and Walker ran them right out of trouble with a 24-yard gain. Third-and-nine from their own 36? Walker got the needed nine on a draw. Eventually, Kevin Butler kicked a 32-yard field goal that put Georgia up 17-0 at halftime.

"Walker did exactly what we expected, and we still couldn't stop him," said the Gators' Lilly. "There are a lot of great backs, but he's got something on every one of them."

If you're scoring, Walker is now the NCAA's alltime three-year leader in rushing (with 4,920 yards, 66 ahead of USC's Charles White) and carries (with 936, 18 better than Cornell's Ed Marinaro), and Saturday he moved past Marinaro into fifth on the alltime career rushing list.

But chew on this for a moment: Walker may never win the Heisman Trophy. He should have won it two years ago, but

the voters invoked the unspoken Freshman Rule and gave it to George Rogers. He gained 1,891 yards last season, third best in college history, but Marcus Allen went over 2,000 and the voters invoked the Statistics Rule and gave it to Allen, perhaps justifiably. And if Stanford Quarterback John Elway beats Walker out this year in what promises to be one of the closest votes in the history of the award, no one can predict if Walker will even be around to win it as a senior—or if an injury, like the broken thumb that hampered him in the first two games this season, will be a factor. "What they should do is award him a career Heisman," says Dooley.

That would be just fine with his fans, to whom Walker has become a star of a magnitude all his own. His programmed answers to questions may disappoint reporters, but the public loves the strong, patient, silent man, who seems the an-

continued

tithesis of today's spoiled athlete, and probably is. On this team, Walker scores and tosses the ball to an official, while Offensive Tackle Guy McIntyre performs the high fives.

The fans' reaction to Walker's appearance at a TV head-shot session the day before the game was something to be-

hold. The moment he walked out on the Gator Bowl field, a throng of 300 closed in, shouting his name. He signed 30 minutes worth of autographs before three uniformed troopers led him off the field. And the next afternoon with 2½ minutes left in the game, another convoy of troopers formed around Walker to escort

him safely off the field. That kind of attention is usually reserved for the venerable legends of football, like Bear Bryant, not 20-year-olds. But then again, it may be only appropriate. After all, Walker has led the Bulldogs to a No. 1 ranking two out of the three years he's been in Athens, and that is the stuff of legends. **END**

Another Echo For The Irish

by N. BROOKS CLARK

Before leading his players onto the field at Pitt Stadium last Saturday, Notre Dame Coach Gerry Faust gathered them in the dressing room and in his invariably hoarse, intense voice read them a list that started with the Georgia Tech game in 1953 and rolled gloriously on through the Irish's encounters with USC in 1973, Oklahoma in '57, Alabama in '73 and '75 and Texas in '71 and '78. Faust was waking up the echoes of all those times past when Notre Dame had met and defeated the nation's No. 1 team. "He told us, 'You guys will remember this game until the day you die,'" said Guard Tom Thayer a few hours later.

With that in mind, the 5-1-1, 109½-point underdog Fighting Irish stormed out onto the gridiron and before 60,162 shocked Panther fans upset No. 1 Pitt 31-16—for the moment, at least, restoring faith among Irish rooters that Faust should be coaching at the college level.

There had been grumbling on that score, especially when, after a 4-0 start, Notre Dame lost to Arizona 16-13 and tied Oregon 13-13. At the conclusion of the Oregon game on Oct. 23, the Irish had scored only three touchdowns in four games and hadn't made a TD through the air all year. Disgruntlement over the Notre Dame offense had been growing since last year, Faust's first under the Golden Dome, when a

sputtering attack was the main reason Notre Dame finished a disappointing 5-6. To make matters worse for Faust, he had in effect served as his own offensive coordinator.

After last season Faust hired Quarterback and Receiver Coach Ron Hudson away from UCLA to give the Irish passing game some California flair. But a complex offense takes time to master, and Hudson was concerned, after the attack began to stall, that he had asked too much too soon of junior Quarterback Blair Kiel, nicknamed Popeye because of his sizable forearms, has been a starter on and off since his freshman

year. He has also been expected to interpret the offensive philosophies of three different coaches in that span—Dan Devine, Faust and Hudson. "He's always had to learn under fire," says Faust. "At times I've been criticized more than I'd like," says Kiel. "I'd never tell anyone if it ever got to me. But I'm human. Deep down, it hurts."

Things started looking slightly better after Hudson adjusted the attack to include sprints and rollouts, thereby utilizing more of Kiel's talents. The result: Kiel's first two TD passes of '82 in a 27-10 win over Navy the Saturday before the Pitt game. But the gloom wasn't totally dispelled. On Tuesday the lights failed at Notre Dame's practice field, and the Irish worked out in the dark. It was raining as well. On Wednesday starting Tight End Tony Hunter was hospitalized

with cellulitis, a bacterial infection that had gotten inside his ankle. Hunter played against the Panthers, but because he was unfamiliar with the new plays put in for the game, he was used mostly as a decoy.

Faust definitely did not have problems in two areas going into the Pitt game. One, his placekicker is walk-on senior Mike Johnston, a chemical-engineering major who received an athletic scholarship only after last spring's practice. Though he'd never attempted a field goal for the Irish before this year, Johnston had made 15 of 16 this season.

Two, the Irish defense, nicknamed the Gold Rush, was second in the nation against the run and fifth overall. Its strategy was to blitz and stunt as often as possible through Pitt's big,

After some rough sailing, the Irish aerial game is on an even Kiel.





Faust fired up his forces for the upset of Pitt with a recounting of past Irish triumphs.

but not notably quick, offensive line and make Quarterback Danny Marino force his throws. Defensive End Kevin Griffith, a graduated fifth-year man headed for law school next fall, was matched much of the time against the Panthers' 6' 5", 279-pound left tackle, Jimbo Covert. Said Griffith before the game, "Intellectually speaking, how do you go against a kid named Jimbo? Or I guess I should say a man named Jimbo. It's intimidating."

If Notre Dame was intimidated, it certainly didn't show, as midway through the second quarter the Panthers led 6-3, the scoring all coming on field goals. Then, with Notre Dame on the Pitt 45, Hudson called a play down from the press box, a 70 flood special pass, designed to exploit Pitt's tendency to split its safeties to either side of the field. Fullback Larry Moriarty ran a pattern down the middle, and Kiel floated a pass to him for a gain of 30. Freshman Tailback Allen Pinkett ran for 11 more, and then Moriarty went over right guard on a counter to put Notre Dame ahead 10-6.

Moriarty weighs 232 pounds and looks like the prototypical Irish fullback, but

that was hardly the case a few years ago. When he was 16, he fell off the back of a pickup truck, cracking his skull and severing the nerves in his left ear (in which he is now deaf). Six months later he contracted spinal meningitis and nearly died. He was a 5' 10", 170-pound weakling early in the year that he graduated from high school in Santa Barbara, Calif. in 1977 and started working in construction. He also started working out at a local YMCA and, later, at Gold's Gym, the bodybuilders' mecca in Santa Monica, Calif. By the end of 1977, Moriarty, 6' 2" and 196 pounds, placed third in the Mr. Teenage California competition. On the advice of his brother Kerry, a reserve halfback and quarterback for Notre Dame in 1974, Moriarty, then 20, enrolled in Santa Barbara City College in 1978 and played football there in '79. He came to South Bend in 1980 as a 22-year-old sophomore, becoming the first juco transfer ever to play for the Irish. "It's hard for me to talk about myself," says Moriarty, "because it's not going to be for another 10 years that I realize how far I've come."

On Pitt's second possession of the sec-

ond half, the Panthers drove 98 yards to go back ahead 13-10. Then, at the start of the fourth quarter, with Notre Dame on its own 46, another Hudson call came down to Kiel; this time it was for a 29 special flea-flicker. It began with Kiel handing off to sweeping Tailback Phil Carter, who lateraled back to Kiel, who lofted a 54-yard TD pass to Split End Joe Howard. Said Kiel, "It wobbled a little, and I'm glad. If it had been a perfect spiral, it would have gone over Joe's head."

Again Pitt fought back, this time for a 47-yard field goal to make it 17-16; then, with 8:09 left in the game and the ball on the Irish 24, Pinkett was called on once more. He ran a sprint draw to the left and then broke into the secondary as he cut back across the middle. "I saw two guys outside me waiting for me to run their way," he said. "Instead, I concentrated on going north and south to get through. I saw a little funnel, a vacuum, a void, a bubble, a gap, and I tried to get through it as quick as I could." He did, for 76 yards to make it 24-16. On the Irish's next possession Pinkett sealed the Panthers' fate,

continued

scoring his second TD of the day on a seven-yard plunge.

Pinkett pronounces his name to rhyme with "trinket," but after his 129 yards rushing against Navy and 112 at Pitt, Notre Dame Publicist Roger Valdeserri, who mangled the pronunciation of the 1970 Irish quarterback's name to coin the slogan "Theatsman is in Heissman," was wondering whether it will soon be PinkETT as in... well, Pitt knows who.

All told, Marino completed 26 of 42 passes for 314 yards; it was one of the best statistical games of his career, if one of the least satisfying. "We bent," said Linebacker Mark Zavagnin, the Irish's leading tackler with 16, "we really bent." Indeed, Pitt had 25 first downs to 10 for Notre Dame, but Zavagnin and his cohorts never broke. And now "Pitt '82" can be added to the roll call of illustrious echoes that are there to be awakened in future years.

END

At Last, LSU Has A Who

by JOHN PAPANEEK

You could learn a lot about Coach Jerry Stovall and about his Louisiana State Tigers by asking him about LSU's schedule—the same way you could learn a lot about the bees in a hive by sticking your hand into it. "You're 6-0-1, Jerry, but up to now you haven't played any Alabamas," you might have said to him before last Saturday. Instead, there was Oregon State, Rice, Kentucky, South Carolina, Ole Miss. Collectively, those teams are 7-36-2. LSU did beat Florida when the Gators were 3-0, but it can be argued from what they have done since that the Gators were teetering even then, and a 24-24 tie with Tennessee hardly helped to prove that LSU's statistical ranking as the stingiest defense in the country wasn't built on a long line of tomato cans.

The 41-year-old Stovall, who's in his third season at Louisiana State, doesn't like such talk, and he didn't become an All-America halfback and a Heisman Trophy runner-up at LSU and a two-time All-Pro strong safety with the St. Louis Cardinals by shrinking from a challenge. The glare from his cobalt-blue eyes

comes through his spectacles like lasers as he says, "People don't ask 'who' first. They ask 'how many.'" End of comment.

After last Saturday, the 'who' included an Alabama team so experienced and so deep that even as late as Friday, four weeks after an inexplicable loss to Tennessee, Bear Bryant was calling his 7-1 squad "the best bunch we've ever had." And for LSU, the "how many" became seven. But the other numbers generated in the game at Birmingham's Legion Field—the most important but perhaps the least impressive being the stunning 20-10 score—left no doubt about LSU's credentials as a defensive force. Consider: Alabama was held for the entire first half without getting a single first down, Alabama, which had been the fourth-best rushing team in the nation and the fourth-best in total offense with averages of 300.5 and 446.2 yards per game, respectively, was held to 45 yards on the ground and 119 yards total.

The Tigers' defensive plan had been built on stopping Quarterback Walter Lewis, the deft runner and passer who makes the 'Bama Wishbone go. He came into the game with a 62% pass-completion average and six TD throws, all to his ace wideouts, speedsters Jesse Bendross and Joey Jones, each of whom averaged more than 20 yards per reception. Moreover, Lewis was the Tide's leading rusher with 551 yards, and there were 12—twelve!—running backs shuttling in and out regularly behind him who had averaged more than three yards per carry.

LSU's defenders were instructed to treat Lewis like a live grenade: expect an explosion at any moment, smother him whenever possible. And that they did. The key was handling Alabama's All-SEC center, Steve Mott, whose job it is to lead the option in whichever direction it's going and keep the linebackers from getting to Lewis inside before he pitches or decides to keep and cut upfield. "Mott had been eating up noseguards," said LSU Noseguard Ramsey Durdar. "I had to block him like I was an offensive lineman so our inside linebackers could get to the ball." Half a dozen times Lewis was brought down by inside linebackers Lawrence Williams and Al Richardson, LSU's leading tacklers, as he ran behind

his line negotiating the option. "I have never been caught back there so many times," said Lewis afterward. "And it wasn't that I didn't know where they were coming from. They never let down. Never. They just beat us."

Yet even with a 17-0 lead after the near-perfect first half, in which Alabama was held to 10 yards rushing and 22 passing, the LSU coaches had plenty to caution the Tigers about at halftime. First, Alabama's offense was far deeper than LSU's defense, and second, momentum at Legion Field, which was packed with 77,230 fans, a vast majority of them Alabamians, could turn the moment the Tide got its first first down.

"I told our boys, 'Let's do our celebrating on the way home,'" said Pete Jenkins, the Tigers' assistant head coach and defensive line coach. Everyone was still worried about Lewis and those two great receivers, and all those backs who had yet to break loose. "They'll play 12 running backs against us," Stovall had said somewhat worriedly on Friday. "I don't think we have 12 runners on scholarship." Maybe not, but LSU did have senior Quarterback Alan Risher, who would complete 20 of 26 passes, and a



The Tigers' swarming defense forced seven Alabama fumbles, three by Lewis (10).

pair of freshman running backs, Dalton Hilliard and Garry James. Hilliard, a 5' 8", 181-pound fireplug, set up LSU's first touchdown in the second quarter by hip-faking and tackle-breaking for 33 yards on a screen pass. He then scored the game's first TD on a slushing 16-yard run on which he outraced Alabama safeties Al Blue and Jerril Sprinkle, who was playing for injured All-America Tommy Wilcox. Later in the quarter Hilliard took Blue's helmet on the inside of his right thigh and was replaced by James, a 5' 11", 203-pound bruiser who rushed for 53 yards in helping to set up the second Tiger TD, which was scored on a three-yard pass from Risher to Tight End Malcolm Scott in the left corner of the end zone. The Tide's Craig Turner then fumbled LSU's ensuing kickoff with 53 seconds left, and Juan Benanzo kicked a 23-yard field goal to give LSU its 17-0 halftime lead.

For most of the season it has been Hilliard who has made LSU go—he had scored 11 touchdowns in seven games, fourth best in the nation—behind the Tigers' veteran and meaty front line that calls itself The Lunch Bunch. Hilliard is a hard, quick and elusive runner who can

Risher completed 20 of 26 passes in LSU's 20-10 win.

also catch passes—a star to be sure, despite his lack of height. "That's O.K.," says Tackle Clint Berry. "We open holes that are wide, not tall." But when the LSU offense took the field for the first series of the second half, Hilliard was on the sideline with that deep thigh bruise, and the Tigers couldn't advance the ball.

Instead it was Alabama on the move, taking the kickoff and marching to the LSU five. On third-and-four from there, Lewis sprinted out on an option to the right. Right Outside Linebacker Rydell Malancon cut off Lewis' option to pitch to Carter, while Left Outside Linebacker Tim Joiner slid through the hole over center opened by Dardar and chased Lewis down from behind, wrapping himself around Lewis like kudzu and forcing a fumble, which Lewis recovered—for a nine-yard loss. Thus did an



apparent 'Bama touchdown drive become a field-goal drive.

Stovall was bent on keeping the offensive pressure on, however. To that end, Hilliard came back into the game on LSU's next possession, promptly caught a screen pass from Risher and fumbled it away on his own 28 after being hit by Cornerback Jeremiah Castille. Bryant knew he needed a big play and he got one: a 28-yard touchdown pass from Lewis to Jones.

Now it was 17-10, Alabama had put 10 points on the board in 25 seconds, and suddenly LSU was fighting the Alabama momentum, the roaring crowd. "Maybe last year a flash like that would have broken our morale," said Defensive Tackle Leonard Marshall, "but not now. We had stopped them all game, and 10 points wasn't going to change that." Added Dardar, "That TD pass came the one time—the one time—we didn't put enough pressure on Lewis. We just started pounding them back. If 'Bama doesn't get the ball, 'Bama doesn't score."

Indeed, 'Bama made just two first downs the rest of the game—for a total of six to LSU's 20—and immediately after the second, after the Tide had marched into LSU territory late in the game, Tackle Bill Elko chased Lewis down from behind yet again and forced Alabama's seventh fumble and fourth turnover. From there LSU simply controlled the ball the last 4:57 and then parted its way back to Baton Rouge with its first victory against Alabama since 1970 and, even better, an answer for all those skeptics who had been asking "Who?"

END



Contrary to what you may have read over the past few weeks—and I have to admit I read much of it with amusement—I am officially and forever retiring from boxing. By the time you read this, I will have made my announcement official and I hope it ends forever all speculation that I will come back to fight Marvin Hagler or anyone else.

While the injury to my left eye—a detached retina—naturally was a factor in my decision, it wasn't the major factor. I simply don't want to fight anymore. Three weeks ago, at my last meeting with Dr. Ronald Michels, who operated on me last May 9 at Johns Hopkins Hospital, he

was grateful that the fight was over. Then came the trip back to the hotel. Normally on the ride back we—my father, Cicero; my trainer, Janki Morton; my manager, Angelo Dundee; my attorney, Mike Trauer, and I—rap about the fight. Usually one of them would say, "Hey, Ray, you hit that guy with a good left hook." Another of them would tell me, "You hit that guy with a good right hand; he couldn't touch you." We always talked about the fight. But not this time. No one said a word. So I said, "Gee." Then I tried to start a conversation: "Hey, I hit this guy with a great hook, didn't I?" I think somebody nodded, and somebody else said, "Yeah." That was it. And once we got to the hotel nobody would sit down and talk with me.

When I got home I talked things over with my wife, Juanita, who wanted me to retire after I beat Benitez for the WBC welterweight championship three years ago. I guess that was because the Benitez fight was the first one since I beat Marcos Giraldo in May 1979 that left me looking like I'd been in a war. I told her that thoughts of quitting had been bothering

me for a long time. But I don't think she believed me until the eye injury, and except for Juanita, I kept my ideas about retiring all to myself. But before I had time to evaluate the Finch fight and my career, I was training for Roger Stafford, another Finch.

Now, we were trying to sell that fight. And he was saying things about me that I thought would pump me up. But it didn't help. Nothing helped. Training was awkward. I tried like heck to get back in gear. But I just couldn't. I was in neutral for a long time. Now, training in Buffalo helped some, because the people there appreciated my presence. But most of the

I Just Don't Want To Fight Anymore

While the injury to the welterweight champion's eye figured in his decision to quit, the chief factor was that the excitement, the challenge was gone

by **RAY CHARLES LEONARD** as told to **PAT PUTNAM**

told me: "Although it takes six months to see if the retina has been fully reattached, you're almost perfectly healed. I don't see any reason why you can't fight."

So, you see, he gave me the green light, but I switched on the red light myself. And it will stay on red. I'm glad that it ended this way, that I was able to make the final determination and not have it made for me. But no matter what the doctor said, I've known for a long, long time that I'd never fight again.

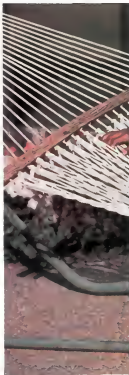
I think I first realized that it was time to get out right after the Tommy Hearns fight on Sept. 16, 1981, almost seven months before my eye injury. After beating Hearns and unifying the welterweight title, I had a hard time convincing the public and the press and, most important, myself that the other guys I'd be fighting were legitimate contenders. And I can tell you now that the Bruce Finch fight, my first after the bout with Hearns, was the major factor in my decision to retire. Yes, I knew it as far back as Feb. 15, the night Finch hurt me worse than anyone I had ever fought.

Now a guy like Finch isn't supposed to touch me. You know it; I know it; he knows it. But in the second round he caught me with a combination that hurt me worse than Hearns ever did; worse

than Roberto Duran; worse than Wilfred Benitez. I was dazed and I was in trouble, and it wasn't because I wasn't in top shape physically. It was because mentally I just wasn't into fighting a Bruce Finch. I was really shaken, and I backed into a corner knowing full well he'd follow me. I had that I was hurt, and I knew that with my hand speed and my power, especially to the body, I could get him out of there. I knew I had to get him in close, and I knew I had to knock him out quickly because I couldn't reach him in the middle of the ring. I didn't have the snap in my jab that I expected to have.

I KO'd Finch in the next round and I

Leonard is going to be able to hang around a lot more with Little Ray, Juanita and Polo.



time I was a grouch. I was really tough to deal with. I knew it and I didn't like it, but I couldn't help it. I just didn't want to be bothered with anyone. I just didn't have the love for the sport anymore. I'd fulfill my obligations and then confine myself to my room and just sit there alone. That was totally unnatural for me. I love to have the guys around me.

I had a room next to my bedroom which was full of video games. And, except when I had to run or train or eat, I'd stay in the video room alone, or I'd be by myself in the other room just watching movies and sitting around.

Ottie Dunlap, my administrative assistant, would come to my room and say, "Champ, it's time to go downstairs and train." I trained at noon, and he'd come about an hour before. Now, during train-

ing for other fights, I'd have been all set to go. I'd have been dressed half an hour before Ottie came. Not this time. I wouldn't start getting dressed until 15 minutes before it was time to go. I saw myself slowing down, not caring.

And then I began to see the spots. I thought, "Gee, one thing leads to another." I complained about the eye, but no one took it seriously. They'd say, "Hey, we all got those spots." And mornings when I ran I would run as fast as I could just to get it over with. Then I'd head straight back to my room. Usually after a run I'd shadowbox some just to loosen up. Now I didn't even do that.

Finally a couple of weeks before the fight I'd had it. I told Janks I was going home for the weekend. And I did. That Sunday I took Juanita and my mother,

Getha, to dinner at an Italian restaurant. I ate all the pasta and drank some wine. Now, I never break training. Not like that. And the one day I did run when I was home I quit in the middle. I was running with Irving Millard and Craig Jones, my two security guards, and at about the mile-and-a-half or two-mile mark I just started walking. The guys were surprised and thought something was wrong. Something was. I told them, "Man, I'm tired of this. I just don't want it anymore. After this fight I'm going to quit."

When I got back to Buffalo, my eye still wasn't right, so I decided to see a doctor. You've all read about how the first doctor I saw prescribed eye drops because she didn't think my injury was serious. But I knew it was, and I went to another doctor in the Buffalo area. He

continued



was right to the point: "Ray, you have a detached retina." I wasn't shocked. The mental state I was in, I would've shown more concern if he'd told me I had dandruff. I flew to Baltimore the next day, and the following morning Dr. Michels operated on the eye.

I think I would have retired after the Stafford fight anyway. But no one really knows himself or what he'll do in the future. I might have said, this is it, and then two months later made a comeback. And I think that if, after Stafford, they had come to me and said, "Ray, here's

Although I'd made up my mind that I'd retire after the Stafford fight, we had already signed to fight Aaron Pryor, and I wanted to go ahead with that because I just had to close his big mouth. He had been saying a lot of bad things about me, and I wanted him in the ring. I mean, I wanted him bad. Pryor was telling people that I owed him. Owed him for what? He said we'd been friends once, that I should have helped him. I asked him, "Aaron, who helped me?" He said we had been friends. That's the reason friends don't work for me—they're always expecting

hadn't had the eye injury, I might have gone for it. It would have been a fight on the same level as Benitez and Hearns and Duran II. I would have had no problem getting up for Hagler. And I would have fought him at 160 pounds. All that stuff about wanting him to fight at 154 was nonsense. We were just pumping up the fight. He'd have been foolish to fight me at 154. I know he wouldn't have done it, because I wouldn't have done it if I'd been the middleweight. I know Hagler as a man and as a champion, and I always believed if we fought it would be at 160.

But then came the injury, and I knew I wasn't going to fight Hagler or anyone else again. And once I made up my mind there were never any second thoughts. Not one. Juanita knew I meant it and she was happy. My father, Pops, I don't know. I think he thought I'd fight again. My mother, well, it's hard to read my mother. All my friends thought I would fight. My brother, Kenny, also had the feeling I'd fight. Ollie said he still had the door open. I think I finally convinced Janks, but it took a while. Angelo knows my decision is final. And Mike always was sure I'd never fight again.

If you had asked Little Ray before the official announcement if I was going to fight, he'd have told you no. But if you had then given him a piece of candy and asked him again, he'd have said, "Yeah." He's a born politician. But he knew I wasn't going to fight because I had time to take him to football practice and see him play in a game. He sees I'm beginning to become his father full time. Watching him brings tears to my eyes because I'm seeing someone who is me.

After the operation I had a lot of fun. I had made my decision, but I was given six months, the time Dr. Michels said it would take before we'd know about the eye, to announce it. And so I had a chance to tease the press. I never thought I'd say this but I'm going to miss those guys. Boxing writers are a special breed, and I was just getting to a point where I really enjoyed talking with them. I'd talk to them for about 30 minutes about nothing and they'd take notes, and then when it was all over they'd walk away and say, "What the hell did he say?" And then the next day I'd read 40 different interpretations of what I'd said.

Over the last few months I did roadwork in public so people could see me working out. I sparred in Detroit per-



"Bruce Finch hurt me worse than Hearns, worse than Duran, worse than Benitez."

\$20 million to fight Hagler, just sign your name," I'd have gone for it.

But the injury made the decision to retire all that easier. I had beat up all the big names, and there wasn't a welterweight who could deal with me. I think it was meant for me to get out because I would have taken those little-known guys lightly, just as I'd taken Finch lightly, and it would have been a disaster.

I've always been very aware of how I perform, and I knew I couldn't perform as well as I should because I'd be thinking about the eye, and that would take away from my abilities. Knowing that, it would be foolish to say that I'm coming back. With all of that against me, I might as well go in the ring handcuffed.

you to do them favors. It's difficult to have family and friends working for you.

I listened to Pryor's mouth and I was dying to put a fist into it. Even so, while training for Stafford, I told Trainer, who was negotiating for fights overseas as well as ones with Pryor and Alexis Arguello, that after Stafford I needed some time to think. Now, Mike had worked hard to line up those fights. He was always thinking a year ahead of everybody else. But I told him to cancel everything. I think I shocked him, but he said, "If that's what you want, that's what you get."

I say I had run out of challenges, but I have to admit again that Hagler was always in the back of my mind. Now here was one more mountain to climb, and if I

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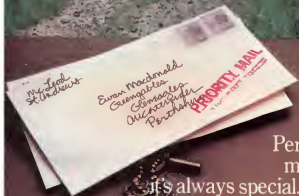
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posely to make people believe I'd fight again. I did it because I didn't want my announcement to be anticlimactic. I didn't want anyone to know what I was going to say. I would say something like, "One more fight with Hagler." And I looked in shape. I was in shape.

And then during the summer I went on a cruise aboard the *QE2* to make a documentary film for a Canadian company. And I sparred on the ship. It was dumb. I sparred with this big kid—a member of the ship's crew—who had fought as an amateur and as a pro. He weighed about 185 pounds and was about 6'1". I mean big. I had eight-ounce gloves and he had 12s. It was crazy. I still don't know why I did it.

It was supposed to be just body shots, but with all the people on the ship watching it got to be like a major fight. It got a little physical. With my experience I know I can tap your nose without really hurting you. But him being so heavy-handed, he'd tap me and knock me halfway across the ring. The next thing you know we were in a great exchange, and all of a sudden I got the old instinct and I wanted to go for him. I did, and I dropped him with a kidney shot.

I went back to my corner, and James Anderson, one of my security men who was acting as my trainer, said, "Champ, what are you doing?"

I said, "I got to have it. I just got to have it."

But when it was over I said to myself, "Damn, I just sparred and I just got out of the hospital. I got to be out of my mind." I can only thank God nothing happened. But it also awoke interest. Now everyone was saying, "He's going to fight again for sure." And people kept on me. How's the eye? What are you going to do? It got so bad I'd rehearse what I was going to say because I knew I'd be confronted at least once the next day. So I'd think, I'll say this, or I'll say that.

Finally I just couldn't stand it any longer. I found myself becoming more and more offended when people would ask about the eye. I went from saying, "It's 30-20 and improving," to, "It's the same way. Ditto." I felt like telling them to take my eye home with them and then to call me the next day to let me know if it had shown any improvement. Finally I went to Mike Trainer and said, "Hey, let's end this. I got to end it. I'm tired of answering those damn questions."

I want everyone to know that I fully understood the public's concern, and I was very grateful for it. And I understood the press's need to know. But six months of acting drained me. You'll never believe how much I looked forward to making my announcement. I just couldn't wait.

I know no one will believe that I can leave the ring at the age of 26, in my prime, and not come back. I've looked at Ali, and I've looked at all the other great champions, like Joe Louis, who made comebacks, and they all ended in disaster. You know, people have a certain love for you and respect for your intelligence both inside and outside of the ring. And I believe that if you tarnish that, they'll hold it against you. I don't want that. Not for any price.

It's such a delight now to go to bed when I want, to get up when I want and to eat what I want. But, heck, I'm working more now than when I was fighting. I'm home maybe two weeks out of each month. The rest of the time I'm working as a sports commentator with HBO and CBS, doing promotional tours for Franklin Sporting Goods, making personal appearances and speeches. That keeps me on the go. Now I'm a businessman. I'm not physical anymore. And I don't want to be physical anymore. I want to get on the tennis court, on the golf course and enjoy life. I want to spend time with my family. Life now has more meaning; it's more fun.

I believe I have always been able to pick up vibrations from people, and now the vibrations are even stronger. Older people, and race or creed isn't a factor, come up to me and say, "Ray, I love you." It takes a lot for a person to say that. It takes a lot for a man to say that to another man. And it takes a lot for a woman who comes from a different ethnic background to say that. But I hear it, and it touches me deeply. It's difficult for me to describe the feelings I get when I hear it. I look at them and there's always eye contact because they're sincere and I know sometimes they feel uncomfortable saying it, but they want me to know. It's a special and warm feeling.

And so, my boxing career is over. Now I can look forward to becoming more



"Watching Little Ray brings tears to my eyes."

professional as a boxing color commentator. Up until now I've been just a celebrity doing sportscasts. Now I want to be a pure sportscaster. A funny thing happened at the Great Gorge Americana Hotel in McAfee, N.J. recently. I was there working a fight and I had on my CBS jacket. I was waiting for an elevator. A woman walked past and then did a double take. She said, "You're a sportscaster. I know your face is familiar. You're a sportscaster, right?"

I said, "That's right." I thought that was neat. Instead of her saying, hey, you're the fighter who talks on television, she called me a sportscaster. But I'm not certain if sportscasting is the end-all. I have two movies lined up I want to go to Hollywood and try. I'll see whether or not that's me. The only way I'll know is if I try. And there are other things.

Well, that's it. The final chapter of Sugar Ray Leonard the fighter has been written. The book has been closed. But for Ray Charles Leonard the person, there's another chapter just starting. And there will be many, many more. I'm leaving the ring, but I'm not leaving the world. So watch out.

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Wrong again, Buffalo Breath!

Meet Randall (Tex) Cobb, 28, who's both of those fighters rolled into one.

In almost six years as a pro, Cobb has established a reputation as a perpetual-motion slugger who can take as good as he gives. He'll be doing both on Nov. 26 in Houston when he challenges Larry Holmes for the WBC heavyweight championship. Cobb was twice scheduled to fight Mike Weaver earlier this year for

But will Randall Cobb be in there long enough against Larry Holmes to fire his 175 punches per round?

by ROBERT F. JONES

the WBA slice of the title, but the first date was scrubbed when Weaver pulled a shoulder muscle and the second when Cobb took a punch in sparring that split his upper lip and required 22 stitches.

"Holmes is the big one," says Cobb. "Win or lose, I'll be swinging plenty of leather, Darlin'." He winks playfully, or maybe painfully, because his face appears to have been the victim of just about every injury a punch can inflict: His pummeled brows bulge over hooded pale blue eyes; his scarred jaw juts like a hammered boulder; there's a black hole in the middle of his grin; his nose just hangs there like a butterfied squid. The bones in his schnozz were removed last

Cobb, a former bouncer, strikes an old pose in Carrizozo, N. Mex. during a break in training. When in shape, Cobb is tough, as Earnie Shavers learned when Cobb busted his jaw.

year to stop needless nosebleeds. A new plastic infrastructure will be implanted when Cobb is through fighting. "He was a nice-looking guy," says his co-manager, Paul Clinite, a bit wistfully. "Had a real nice nose. We'll give him a new one when he needs it."

Cobb is a catcher—a fighter who takes a lot of punches to deliver his own—and he caught everything 35-year-old Earnie Shavers threw for eight slam-bang rounds on Aug. 2, 1980. Then he broke Shavers' jaw with a chopping right hand and won on a TKO. On his good days, Shavers was the hardest-hitting heavy-

weight since Sonny Liston, and that day against Cobb was a very good one.

"Shavers was hitting me with double left hooks," Cobb explained recently while watching a replay of the fight. "He'd never really hooked before and now he's doubling up." Angelo Dundee, doing the TV commentary, exults, "What an experience for Tex Cobb!"

"Yeah," the beneficiary said wryly. "I wished I had four Californians to share it with me. After the fight was stopped, I told Earnie, 'Let's get together and don't ever do this again. Go out and get drunk, but never this again.'"

Cobb's 10-round battle with Ken Norton—who was then at least 35—on Nov. 7, 1980 was another classic slugfest. "I'm no master of defense," Cobb admits, "but Norton's awkward jab that started high and came down gave everybody trouble. Like Shavers, he's all arms and shoulders." Norton was nearly out on his feet in the third, eighth and ninth rounds as Cobb slammed him Marciano-style with left and right uppercuts and then hooks.

"I should have kept him in the middle of the ring," Cobb laments, "made him use his legs. Instead I took him to the ropes and went headhunting. I knew the

continued

I'll Sling Leather, Darlin'



next right would take him out." He laughs bitterly. "Wrong again, Buffalo Breath! I fought a dumb fight. I averaged more than 100 punches a round—threw more than a thousand in the fight. You can beat just about anything but the human spirit—a guy who's willing to die, him you can't kill."

The split decision went against Cobb, his first loss in 19 fights.

"You ever see Norton fight like that before?" Cobb asks. "Or Shavers, for that matter? I bring out the best in these old bastards. Old guys who know they

been against guys ranked in the top 10. Shavers, Norton, Dokes and Bernardo Mercado. I feel that I'm just starting my pro career, just learning how to fight."

Cobb and Weaver are both from Texas, and they're also probably the only two "kick fighters" to make it as heavyweight boxers. Cobb was a North American full-contact karate champion. His boxing trainer is George Benton, a former middleweight who between 1949 and 1970 amassed a 61-13-1 record.

"When Tex showed up in Philly seven years ago, he was the rawest fighter for

In the martial arts, which Cobb has studied since the age of 16—he is a first-degree dan black belt now—a kick boxer tries to move beyond his opponent's range when he's being hit. In boxing, this just puts a defender into hooking range, which can be devastating.

"Another thing," Benton says, "he kept lifting his right foot when he got hit. I didn't realize he was cocking it for a kick. Who ever heard of a fighter kicking someone? That's for the ladies."

"In karate or kung fu," Cobb explains, "your kick is your most powerful weapon. And the punching is totally different. You don't put your body into a punch as completely as you do in boxing. You fight from an erect posture, usually punching straight out, snapping from the shoulders. Also, in the martial arts there's this legend of the 'one death punch'—a quick, crisp shot to the temple, throat, heart or back of the neck. Actually, boxers have a much better—more realistic—hand style. Combinations rather than the one killer blow. It's the cumulative effect of many punches thrown in combination that wins the fight."

To that end, Cobb is working to perfect a boxing style that justifies the 18th-century English term for the sport, "milling."

"Most heavyweights throw a maximum of 60 punches per round," Cobb says. "Ali was one of the few who could go 100. In my last fight [a seventh-round TKO of Jeff Shelnburg in Atlantic City in April] I threw 130 a round, and my ultimate goal is 150."

Cobb's rapid-fire approach was triggered when he read a TIME magazine story on the wall of Joe Frazier's gym in North Philadelphia. The story discussed Frazier's defeat of Ali in their first fight in 1971. TIME described Frazier thusly: "A kind of motorized Marciano, he works his short arms like pistons, pumping away with such mechanical precision that he consistently throws between 54 and 58 punches each round."

"I figure if I can throw twice as many," Cobb says, "they'll never take a decision away from me. Haw, haw. Wrong again, Buffalo Breath!"

Obviously such a rapid rate of fire demands enormous endurance from a fighter of Cobb's size, which is 6'3", 235 pounds. To keep up a pace of 150 punches a round over 15 rounds, he would have to sling 2,250 punches—about 30 rounds'



When Benton first viewed him, Cobb "was the rawest fighter for his age I'd ever seen."

have to die rather than back down. After the fight, Kenny said to me, 'You whipped my ass, Randall. But I'll take everything the judges give me.' He knows I beat him, but I'm not bitter." Cobb shakes his head. "I learned a bunch in that fight. Next time out, Darlin'."

Cobb's only other loss was a majority decision on March 22, 1981 to 22-year-old Michael Dokes, the fast Ohioan who will fight Mike Weaver for the WBA title next month. "I knew I was going to knock out Dokes, too, with the next solid shot," Cobb says. "Later, when I suggested we have another go at it, Dokes said, 'No, I don't think so.' My record's now 21-2, but only four of those fights have

his age I'd ever seen," Benton says. "But he had power and his will to win. I figured it would take five years to make him a fighter, and we're on schedule. But my God, he had a lot of bad habits."

And he still does. He failed to finish strongly against Norton and Dokes, so many in boxing question his stamina.

"His straight right is his best punch," says Mort Sharnik, boxing consultant for CBS, "but Benton's got him throwing hooks, and that's not his game. He's not a boxer like Benton was, he's a banger."

Benton noticed that when Cobb was getting hit he would move away from the punches. Only Muhammad Ali and Ray Leonard could ever get away with that.

worth for a less furious puncher. "A guy could punch himself out in no time if he doesn't train right," Cobb says.

Although Cobb may seem to disdain defense, this isn't the case. "Cobb's defense is his chin," Sharnik says. "It's the best in the world." And he uses it to his offense's advantage. It lets him wade in and throw ponderous left jabs and straight rights. "He doesn't really have a knockout punch," says J. Russell Peltz, who promoted the Cobb-Shelburg fight. "He's a football player who can punch."

Five nights a week Cobb ties himself to a gym in Cherry Hill, N.J. to work on his cardiovascular endurance. He puts in 10 minutes each on a bicycle, a rowing machine and an arm cycle known as an armagon. On alternate days he works on a Universal gym, building up his arms, back and legs. He completes the gym circuit in 45 minutes.

Boxing traditionalists argue that weight work produces muscle-bound fighters who can't punch quickly enough to get out of their own way. Benton was at first skeptical of the regimen, but Cobb explained that it was necessary for him to "teach my heart how to put out a total effort for a full 15 rounds."

Boxing purists also aren't accustomed to a heavyweight contender whose tongue has as much sting as his punches. Cobb isn't wild about Philadelphia (or any other big city), but he does recognize its merits. "It's the only place where you see two winners fight on the street and both are jabbing," he told the *Philadelphia Daily News's* Mark Wincker.

On his pigmentation: "I'm in a money-making position relative to this sport," says Cobb, who has earned the respect of the predominantly black clientele at Frazier's gym. In fact, Cobb's other co-manager, Joe Gramby, is black, as is Benton.

On the sport of tennis: "If you screw up, it's 15-love. If you screw up in boxing, it's your ass, Darlin'."

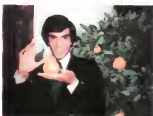
Randall Craig Cobb was born in Bridge City, Texas, a town of some 5,300 in the Beaumont-Port Arthur area northwest of Galveston. His father, Willard, an architect, died of cancer when Randall was six, and his mother, Norma, moved the family west to Abilene and often held down two or three jobs at the same time to support herself and her four sons. Always a big, strong kid, Cobb took up full-contact karate after the usual boyhood education in baseball, basketball and

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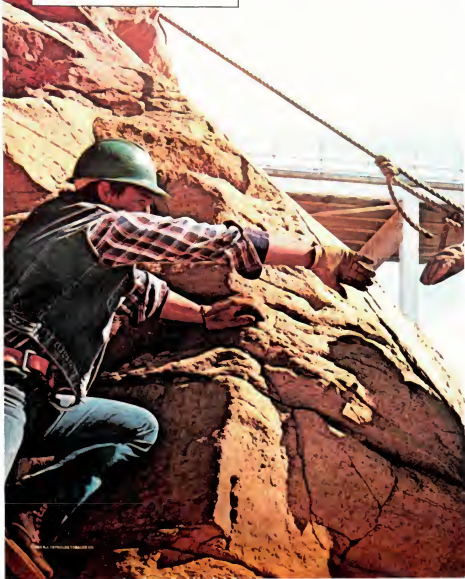
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Even exile in New Mexico with his brother Marty (left) and Turnbaugh doesn't get Cobb's goat.

football. "I like to hit," he says simply.

He was a tackle at Abilene Christian College before dropping out after his junior year. "I blocked for Wilbert Montgomery," he says, "but that was pretty easy. All you had to do was touch the cornerback and, zip, Wilbert was gone." He majored in theology and psychology. "I read the Bible for its wisdom and the insight it gives me into life," he says. "Hell, those are some great stories, aren't they? But I worship in my own way, a kind of mixture of Christianity, Zen and Taoism. I've got no use for the Christian church as a formal structure."

His size and his skill in the martial arts made Cobb a natural for work as a bouncer. "I worked the door in many a bar, from West Texas on over into New Mexico," he says. "Boxing is sissy stuff compared to some of the situations you face as a bouncer, Darlin'. In those border-town bars, you had two, three fights a night. If you didn't, you weren't paid. The toughest town to work the door in is Albuquerque. There you got drunk cowboys, motorcycle gangs, pachucos and Mexican farm workers, plus you got five, six karate studios in town, all of them good. Every Saturday night's the gun-fight at the OK Corral."

Cobb was competing in and winning full-contact karate matches, and pro boxing was the last thing on his mind. Then he met Paul Clinite. "I'm sitting in my office one night," says Clinite, an El Paso promoter, "when these four big guys walk in. Usually I promote boxing, but I'd been talked into doing this karate thing. Cobb says they want to appear on the card; they'll split up into two pairs and fight each other. I say no, it would look like collusion. 'Don't worry,' he says. 'It'll be all right.' Ten minutes later they're out there fighting. Cobb's up against this big Mexican, who's kicking the tar out of him. Cobb hits him with a right. KO's him. It took me three months to sign him to a boxing contract."

Cobb was indeed reluctant. But in late 1975, Clinite sent him to Philadelphia for a rendezvous with Benton and the veteran Gramby. Cobb had a 10-year contract with Clinite, \$22 in his back and a case of the flu.

"I hated this city when I got here," he says, "and I hate it worse today. How the hell can people actually choose to live in these northern burgs?" Cobb would work out at Frazier's gym during the day, getting his nose broken 10 to 15 times as he unlearned his karate lessons. Nights

he worked the door at Doc Watson's Pub. "You'd hardly call it bouncing," he says. "Doc Watson's clientele is mostly doctors, lawyers and gold diggers. They got in a lot of fights, but all they'd do is yell a lot and then sue each other."

One night at Watson's in March of 1976 he met Priscilla Lowe, a four-year karateka who managed a Philadelphia women's clothing store. The next night he quit his bouncing job. About a year later, fed up with broken noses and no more than \$250 a fight, Cobb headed west with Priscilla. "I was working out in a gym in Watts," he recalls, "when these guys walked in. They were scouting a part for a movie. They wanted a boxer, but he had to be an Indian. I guess I was the closest thing to an Indian in that gym, so they picked me." Cobb played the bad-ass in *The Champ*, a remake of the old Wallace Beery-Jackie Cooper film of the same name. As Roland Bow-

ers, he gives Jon Voight a fatal concussion to set up the tear-jerker ending.

"I got 10 grand for that piece of business," he says with a laugh. "About five or 10 fights' worth. It's a great vacation, working in the movies, lots of great women, but you wouldn't want to do it if you needed a job. There's sycophants on every level, all waiting for an opening to syc the next phant up the ladder."

Today Randy and Prissy live together (with Prissy's mother, Jane) in a small clapboard house in Runnemede, N.J., just south of Philadelphia. Prissy, 28, is a tall, rawboned woman with a raucous laugh and features reminiscent of Gauguin's Polynesian women. She calls Cobb Randall—"In Texas, nobody calls anyone 'Tex,'" she says—and helps to keep him out of trouble. Last Dec. 10, however, he got into it anyway.

"It was Randall's birthday," she says, "and he was celebrating with some of his friends at home. They went to a bar in downtown Philly where these Irish kids were hanging out. . . ."

Words were exchanged, as they say, and, seeing nothing but trouble ahead, Cobb got his friends out the door. About 35 boys followed them out into the street. His pal Pete Dexter, a columnist for the

Philadelphia Daily News, was hit over the head with a bat. "Pete was down and they were working him over—chains, bats, a crowbar," Cobb says. "I waded in and stood over him. That cost me my mobility." One of the invaders swung with a crowbar and Cobb caught it on his left elbow. The blow broke his left forearm, but he extricated Dexter, who suffered a broken hip, from danger. Cobb was out of action for three months.

To prepare for Holmes, Cobb and his entourage set up camp last month on the Mescalero Apache reservation in the mountains of south-central New Mexico. The Inn of the Mountain Gods, a sprawling luxury resort owned by the Apaches, sounds pretentious until you see it. In the shadow of 12,000-foot Sierra Blanca, a mountain sacred to the Indians, it overlooks a huge mountain lake. Elk and mule deer abound in the pinyon hills all around it. To the north is Billy the Kid country and the locale of the bloody Lincoln County cattle war. "You expect to see John Wayne or Randolph Scott gallop over the horizon any minute," Cobb remarked. Appropriately, he was staying in the Cochise Suite.

Training at 7,000 feet has improved Cobb's wind. He runs three to four miles a day, works 45 minutes a day on rowing and cycling machines, which push his heartbeat to 176 beats per minute, and spars eight rounds daily. His sparring partners—George Chaplin, a tricky Baltimore heavyweight, and light heavyweight Charlie Singleton of Philadelphia—were chosen for speed and shiftiness, traits that Holmes possesses. "Actually, they're both better boxers than Larry," Benton says. "All Holmes got is that left jab. That's his whole defense and most of his offense."

Cobb's strategy for Holmes is the same as it would have been for Weaver: to overwhelm his opponent with so many punches that the other man can't hit back. Crude but possibly effective. "I'm still too new to this game," Cobb admits, "to do anything but attack him with all I've got. The more I punch, the less he can hit. Sure, in Holmes's case I've got to watch for his counters, especially the left hook. But nobody's put me down yet. Not Norton, not even Shavers. It's hazardous to take a purely offensive strategy into a heavyweight title fight, but really, Darlin', what else can I do?"

Cobb had gotten up to 175 punches a

round in training for Weaver; as of last week he was throwing 240 in preparation for Holmes. Holmes only averaged 40 to 50 punches a round in his last bout, with Gerry Cooney. In 13 rounds—39 minutes of combat—he threw only 45 combinations, and 25 of those were just doubled-up jabs. "I'm throwing real combinations, five to nine punches at a time," says Cobb.

The Cochise Suite reeks of sweat. Crumpled clothing litters the floor. A Bible and a stack of paperbacks adorn the coffee table. Cobb slips a cassette into the VCR. Holmes is staying off Cooney's clumsy attack with that daylong left jab. "Look at that!" Cobb exults. "Lordy, I hope he sticks that left out at me that way—I'll take his ribs out."

Between tapes and training sessions Cobb has little to do but roam the countryside. Since the Weaver cancellations, he has ended a previous association with Tapco Promotions of El Paso. His new promoter is Bobby Turnbaugh, 28, a close friend from El Paso and an Abilene Christian teammate. Sometimes when things are slow in camp the two drive north to White Oaks, a thriving gold-mining town at the turn of the century but today just a collection of adobe and bricks sinking back into the pinyon country. They stop at a combination museum-bar for a game of beers with Bud Crenshaw, 67, a leathery cowpoke whose family homesteaded the region nearly a century ago. Relics of the Old West hang on the walls—a .36-caliber Navy Colt, spools of "bob" wire, a long-barreled Sharps buffalo gun, a collapsible, easily hidden "running iron," the tool rustlers used to alter cattle brands. "Great country," Cobb says on the drive back to Apache territory. "You can bet if I beat Holmes, I'll be out of Philly and heading thisaway, pardner."

A mighty big if.

Darlin'. That afternoon, during a sparring session, the great imponderable of this fight becomes apparent. Cobb has worked three hard, fast rounds with Chaplin, throwing 161 punches in one of them. Then he switches to Singleton. The speedy light heavyweight can't keep away from Cobb's attack and twice is cornered. Then Singleton throws a hook and an uppercut.

"Time!" yells Benton, who is watching closely. "You're bleedin', Tex."

The small cut on the bridge of Cobb's nose is nothing to worry about, but Singleton's punch with puffy training gloves also has reopened an old split on Randall's chin. Not a deep cut, but enough to warrant two stitches. The strategic message is clear enough: Cobb cuts easily. No fighter may be able to knock him down or out, much less make him want to quit. But a cut goes deeper than will or desire. All the swarming, all the hard, accurate punches can't stop a ringside doctor from ending a fight when a boxer is bleeding badly.

"If you screw up in the ring," Cobb reiterates, "it ain't 15-love, Darlin'. I'll just have to get him before he cuts me."

And this time you're right, old Buffalo Breath!

END



Prissy and Cobb have a passion for books and each other.

One of Rick Mears's favorite things to do when he's at home in Bakersfield, Calif. is to float down the Kern River in a big inner tube. He fits inside it like a little boy in a grown-up's overcoat, his arms and feet dangling in the cool water and a can of Bud Light balanced between his knees. As the gentle current carries him along, Mears, a two-time Indy car points champion and winner of the 1979 Indy 500, wears an expression that says: This is what people were meant to do. As the inner tube drifts downstream, rotating a quarter turn this way and that, Mears, who's facing upstream, appears unburdened by any need to direct the craft. But it doesn't wander off course into the rocks or the low-hanging branches along the bank. It stays in the straight and steady part of the stream. Even through white water, the eddies that could hang up Mears and his craft remain an arm's length away. It seems

er. Mac, who's better known by her nickname, Skip. "When he learned to drive he'd pull up at a stop sign and he'd look and he'd look and he'd want and want. He'd be so darn careful I'd say, 'Rick, you can go some time, you know'."

Rick has a brother, Roger, 35 and also an Indy car driver. "When we were kids I'd get so damn mad at him," says Roger. "We'd be riding motorcycles and I'd try to get him to do wheelies, but he'd say, 'No!' I'd say, 'All you got to do is yank on the handlebars, just do it!' He'd say, 'No!' He just wouldn't do anything until he had it completely wired. Like water skiing. When we were learning, he sat in the boat and watched me bust my butt. He was just sitting back, figuring it out. Then he went out and did it without falling."

"It's always been obvious to me," says Rick. "Even when I was a kid I could see it. If you take big steps it's too easy to cross The Line."

He's Got It All Lined Up

that Mears must be peeking over his shoulder and surreptitiously paddling his arms underwater to keep on course. But if he is, there's no evidence of it, and a visitor goes away not knowing if Mears is blessed or if he's simply got it all dialed.

Mears, 30, has long had this understated system for getting where he wants to go: small steps, no spinouts. He started winning at motor racing when he was a kid hanging out at a Bakersfield slot-car parlor. Says one opponent from those days, who would become Mears's high school crafts teacher a few years later, "He would sit there for hours, never moving anything but his eyeballs, never running off the track, and blow us all away." He has little feet, and he walks up on things with small steps. Says his moth-

What Indy car racing is all about is The Line, the border between getting the most out of a car and getting too much: giving The Line too much berth will make you a loser but crossing it can kill you. Mears won the Indy 500 before he'd ever span out in an Indy car race, which would surely be a record if such records were kept. Small steps. In his seven-year, 71-race Indy car career, Mears has spun only once. When he finally did, at Mid-Ohio Raceway track in his third year, it was a relief—sometimes not spinning out can mean a driver isn't pushing enough.

Mears shows the same knack for navigating the Kern safely as he does for safely racing Gordon Johncock wheel-to-wheel at Indy.





Indy car champion Rick Mears is often the first driver across the finish line because he is also the last one to cross The Line **by SAM MOSES**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN

"I'd wondered for three years: Where's the limit?" says Mears. "Once I found it I realized I'd been awfully lucky a lot of times." He's a natural, and his instincts had told him where The Line was before the rest of him found it.

Mears won the CART/PPG World Series, as the Indy car championship is called, in 1979, only his first full season on the circuit, after having been signed following his rookie year by Penske Racing, the most successful Indy car team over the last decade. He also won the Indy 500 in 1979, driving a predecessor version of the 800-horsepower car he drives today, which is officially designated the Penske-Ford Gould Charge but is generally known around the pits as simply a PC-10.

Mears won the championship again in 1981, after having been burned in a pit fire while leading that year's Indy 500. His car was being refueled when the shutoff valve on the filler hose nozzle stuck open. An unknowing crewman yanked the hose out, and there was a methanol downpour. Mears knew he was in trouble when he saw the fuel flow over his visor in a thin, deadly wave. A split second later it ignited. Mears's fire-resistant driver's suit protected most of him, but his nose, which was sticking through one of the eye openings in his balaclava, was burned, and today it looks as if an animal chewed on it. Still it could have been a lot worse were it not for the quick action of Rick's father. Because methanol burns with almost no visible flame, the firemen in the pits didn't realize Rick was on fire. But his dad, Bill, working in the pits with the Penske team, saw his son batting and slapping at himself and, being a former driver himself, realized what had happened. Bill Mears grabbed a bottle of fire-fighting foam from a pit worker and sprayed down Rick and then jammed the nozzle under his son's helmet to douse the fire burning inside. Plastic surgery this winter will mend the damage Bill wasn't able to prevent.

Maybe it was some perverse kind of *continued*

motivation, but since the fire Mears has dominated Indy car racing. He sat out only one race because of the burns and then won six of the last nine in '81, the first two on the day of his comeback, when he beat Johnny Rutherford and Mario Andretti in separate hard duels at Atlanta International Raceway, the fastest course on the Indy car circuit. This year he has won four of 11, had four more in hand until car trouble struck and set six lap records in qualifying. In mid-September at Road America, at Elkhart Lake, Wis., a fifth-place finish gave him the points title again, despite the fact that two races were still left to be run in the PPG series: Michigan International Speedway, where after winning the pole position his engine blew and he only completed one lap—and Phoenix last Saturday, where Mears finished second.

And there was this year's Indy 500, where he streaked to the pole position at a record 207.004 mph. In the race, after a slow pit stop with 17 laps remaining, he fell just .16 seconds short of running down Gordon Johncock. It was the most exciting final lap in the 67-year history of the race that bills itself as the "Greatest Spectacle in Sports."

With such credentials Mears is still something of an undiscovered phenomenon. The fact that he's an adherent of the Juan Manuel Fangio theory of driving—win the race at the slowest speed possible, a very alien Argentinean notion to most American drivers—has limited the recognition he has gotten. His statistics are sensational. He has won 24% of his races, possibly the highest percentage of any Indy car driver ever, but the household names of the sport, such as A.J.

Foyt, Mario Andretti, Johnny Rutherford and Al and Bobby Unser, continue to overshadow Mears because they charge to the front and dare misadventure to catch them, as it frequently does. Mears watches them the way he watched Roger water ski. "It's stupid to take chances and be hard on your equipment until it's necessary," he says. "Nine times out of 10 the race will back up to you instead of you taking yourself up to it."

The expression "the race backs up to you" is one he uses deliberately these days. Too often in the past he heard it applied in a belittling way to himself. During his first couple of years in Indy cars, he was considered lucky and he didn't like it. He knew the difference between playing it smart and playing it safe, but wished the distinction was clearer to others. He wished they'd notice that if the chargers didn't break down, he was perfectly willing to go after them, late in the race when charging makes more sense and is worth the risk. It wasn't

as if aggressive driving was something he wasn't up to; he just believed—and still believes—that race drivers who are steady and unafraid are fools. But Mears admits he likes close calls—or, more precisely, he likes the specter of the unexpected and the satisfaction of having "saved it." He likes getting out of his car with wobbly knees. "That's what keeps you coming back," he says. After all, a close call is still on this side of The Line.

Mears feels better appreciated nowadays as racing people have come to realize he's more than lucky. He also feels more pressure to run up front—hence the six lap records—because it's now expected of him. "But I'm in no big hurry for recognition," he says. "Things come in time." More small steps. Mears can afford to be patient. The Foyts and Andrettis et al. are more than 40 years old, and there are no stars between them and Mears. Mears is ambitious enough to be keenly aware of the opportunity that is coming his way: to become one of the greatest drivers of all time.

They're certainly on the lookout for him in Europe. Formula 1 awaits him, even eagerly. During a test for the Brabham team at Riverside International Raceway two years ago, he was three seconds faster than Brabham's No. 1 driver, Nelson Piquet, who would win the world championship in 1981. Last May after Gilles Villeneuve was killed at the Belgian Grand Prix, a Ferrari rep phoned Mears, feeling him out as to whether he'd be interested in replacing Villeneuve. Given the fact that Mears has never raced in Europe, it was a remarkable gesture of confidence.

If Mears does take up Grand Prix racing, he would certainly be the first driver whose path to Monte Carlo bounced and weaved through the desert. He learned his craft in offroad races in the Southwest and Mexico, first on motorcycles and then single-seater buggies and sometimes pickup trucks. He won at both Pikes Peak and Baja. The driving skills needed to herd a car over open terrain might seem unsuited to toying The Line at 200 mph on pavement, but Mears believes his was the best possible training because offroad driving demands extremes in concentration, endurance, self-discipline, car control and, most important, a feel for the optimum pace of the equipment. "The hardest thing to find in offroad is the speed that's fast enough to win but slow

continued



The wonders of a fair midway have Dina, Cole (left) and Clint wide-eyed as Rick stays cool.

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Bed length (in.)	73.4
Bed width (in.)	56.9
Bed depth (in.)	15.6
Horsepower @ 5200 RPM	98
Torque @ 2800 RPM	127
Engine displ. (liters)	2.2
4-cyl. NAPS-Z	5
Transmission, manual, speeds	

EQUIPMENT

Brakes	power-assist front disc/rear drum
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enough to finish," he says (Is that Fangio calling?). "And that's what I have a handle on now. And when I slid into Indy cars after offroad racing, especially on bikes, it was a cinch physically."

One can easily envision Mears in the desert on a motorcycle, bounding over scrubby hummocks and leaping dunes as if he could fly. That's how he does most things. His body seems designed to wedge easily into things, such as his niche in life. He's 5' 10" and 150 pounds, with wide, bony shoulders, a 30-inch waist and hips so narrow that his T shirts look like they came from Joan Crawford's closet. When he walks he cants forward on his tiny (size 8½) feet, as if he were a 10-speed bicycle stopping with its front brakes. And his stride isn't a shuffle or spring; he takes those little steps, steps so light he barely seems to touch the ground.

But, oddly, it's his hands that catch the eye. Their movements are so sure, each of his fingers seems to have a presence of its own, and together they make his hands appear larger than they are. It's easy to picture them on TV knobs, adjusting the vertical hold and catching it right the first time, getting it dialed. His high school crafts teacher, Russell Kommitzky, whom Mears blew away at slot cars, says Mears was the best student he has had in 20 years of teaching shop. He still uses some of Mears's projects—model boats and planes and the like—as examples of superlative craftsmanship.

Mears's wife of 10 years, Dina, says she has never seen him tense before a race—once Mears fell asleep, his head thrown back, in the staging area just in front of the starting line before an offroad race, he was awakened by young tormentors lobbing ice cubes into the irresistible target created by his drooping jaw—but she's seen her husband fall apart over pursuits that didn't come easily to him. A few years ago he tried racing remote-controlled model cars and found himself getting beaten by old men and little kids. "He would nearly break into a nervous sweat before those silly races," she says.

Mears's parents moved to Bakersfield from Wichita in 1955, when he was four, and the family has lived there ever since. He and Roger (they have a sister, Robin, 25) were literally raised on motorcycles, young Ricky Raven—his given name—riding between his mother's knees on her

Ariel, Roger on the back of his dad's Matchless. And if it got cold, Rick would shift to the Harley, squeezing between his dad and Roger for warmth. Later, when Rick was in high school and "hanging out with the dopers," Roger would provide more big-brotherly protection from the elements. Rick says if it hadn't been for Roger's threats, he might have shot ground-up reeds into his arms like many of his buddies.

Until Rick began racing Indy cars, Roger was the star because his driving style was spectacular—so sideways he al-

ruled the sprint buggy class at L.A.'s Ascot Park, with their dad, who had raced jalopies back in Kansas and still sometimes co-drives with Roger, acting as their crew chief. In the grandstands there was always an enthusiastic contingent of fans who had driven the 150 miles down from Bakersfield. They became known as the Mears Gang. Today, the senior Mears sells MEARS GANG hats and T shirts out of his motor home at Roger's offroad races and many of Rick's Indy car races.

The Mearses' unofficial fan club might be more appropriately named the Ba-



Rick's Model A gets family care while Dina's Ferrari sits in the Mears's Bakersfield garage.

most seemed to back into the turns. The brothers raced offroad buggies on dirt ovals and generally finished one-two or vice versa, but Roger was the one everyone talked about. Now, after four hard years of trying to crack Indy car racing, Roger is completing his first full season. He has had four crashes this year. And though he's a SCORE offroad champion in his 4WD Jeep pickup, he now carries the burden of being the "other" Mears. He handles it well, because there is genuine admiration and affection between the brothers. "Rick's just so heady," says Roger, tapping his own temple. "It's calmed me down a lot just watching him. I've learned everything the hard way, but his way is like a gift."

In 1974 and '75 the Mears brothers

kersfield Gang. The family itself is large and close enough to qualify for the Mears Gang title without drafting any outsiders. Because of a predilection for young marriages on both Rick and Dina's sides, their sons, Clint, 9, and Cole, 8, have six great-grandparents, all living in Bakersfield. Rick married Dina in 1972, when he was 20 and she 19, and the marriage is going strong. It might be unfair to Rick to say it was Dina who rescued him from a life of operating a backhoe—he ran one for his father, who has a backhoe construction company—and cruising around Bakersfield in his '65 Impala lowrider. But marriage seemed to make him a responsible citizen in short order. Or maybe it was Clint, who was born nine months and three weeks after the

continued

Measures were married. For a while back then, Rick's lunch money sometimes came from collecting the deposit on pop bottles he spied from the seat of the backhoe, and Dina washed her father-in-law's dump trucks for spending money. When Rick was starting to make himself known as a racer, Dina could have stayed home, but to back up her husband, she too went off to the desert, where she changed diapers while Rick raced. Today they are reaping the rewards of their faith in each other. Rick is setting records in Indy cars, and Dina drives a red Ferrari 308GTS with license plates *I INDY 79*. But she

Dina's ankles when the Measures tube down the Kern, and when she paddles to avoid the rocks, you can see her arms move, and she's not always sure if she's paddling away from danger or toward it. The GTS was a present from Rick to himself after he won Indy. "Rick wants a Ferrari Boxer now," she says. "Shoo. That's all he needs."

"It'll make Dina nuts," he grins. "Give her something else to spin out."

As if the words "spin out" were a cue, Dina tells the story of the same tide. It begins on a rain-slicked freeway on-ramp: Dina shifts into second gear; the Ferrari loops and alights like a seagull atop the median strip, its front wheels dangling over the north-bound lane and the rears hanging over the south-bound. The \$50,000 car was undented but undrivable, because a part of the suspension had broken. "At least the license plate wasn't facing traffic," she says.

Driven home by a highway patrolman, who knew the car and its owner's accomplishments well ("I wanted him to hit me on the head with his club so at least I could have a bruise to show for it"), Dina says she had no more than opened the front door when the phone rang. It was Rick.

"What's going on?" he asked, unsuspecting.

Short on guile at such times, Dina blurted out, "I just spun the Ferrari!"

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said.

"Where's the car?" was the obvious next question.

"They're taking it off the wrecker right now."

"I about died," says Rick. "I had visions of them taking the Ferrari off a truck in little pieces and laying them down all over the yard."

It would have had plenty of company there. The Measures house is a large two-story model on the corner of an exclusive tract among parched rolling hills near Riverside. Fancy as the 22-month-old house is, the backyard is still dirt. Mears

hasn't gotten around to doing any gardening yet, busy as he has been with the yard's contents, a water-ski boat with a 454-cubic-inch Chevy engine and jet conversion; his "bass boat," a V-6 outboard only slightly slower than the jet boat; a motor home; and a pile of inflated inner tubes, stacked in the corner against the tall grapestake fence that separates the yard from the Rio Bravo Country Club. He keeps the Ferrari, a restored Model A, a bunch of ATCs and a big model airplane in the garage, and two cockatoos in the kitchen. Parked in the driveway are an Eldorado and a Chevy pickup, Mears's choices from team owner Roger Penske's dealerships. Mears has just enough redneck in him to like going places in the tall truck, a can of beer in his hand and a tin of snuff in his hip pocket.

When he's not racing or testing cars, Mears plays with his toys, from the Ferrari to the cockatoos. He calls himself a bum, as in beach bum or ski bum, only his claim is broader. It's something of a family joke. Here he is, floating down the river. "This is why I never get anything done," he says. "There's a ton of mail back in my office. I just let it pile up until it's so old it doesn't matter anymore and I can throw it all out." He laughs.

What the best race drivers usually want most out of their sport is to beat everybody else at it. Mears is competitive, of course, but what he most wants is to have fun at racing, witness his wide-eyed effusiveness after this year's Indy. He really thought that it was neat, exciting, terrific, fun... everything the spectators thought it was. But none of them had just missed winning a second 500 by half a carlength.

Former Penske teammate Bobby Unser once watched Mears in the Penske garage at Indianapolis, first assembling a remote-controlled car and then racing it away. Unser could neither approve of the activity nor figure it out; he mumbled something about Mears not becoming a real race driver until he grew up and faced the hard work. Mears says the toys are just relief from the work and recalls that he is a job that risks his life. But the work is also play to him. What Unser couldn't figure out is that Mears doesn't need to grow up. When life is like slot cars to you, you can go through it without much hustle and bustle, so long as you blow them all away.

END



Rick and brother, Roger, remain close even as rivals.

still tubes down the river with him as she has for the past 10 years.

Dina is what might be described as a looker: tall and pretty enough to be striking, without being flashy. She's outgoing enough to make Rick look hopelessly reticent—he would certainly never admit going to pieces over remote-controlled cars—and earthy enough to make him look like a stuffed shirt. There may be a connection between her earthiness and the fact that she grew up, with her three brothers, close to it—in the aptly named town of Oildale, across the Kern from Bakersfield. Dina speaks in gushers. "It worked out really good," Rick says of their first date, a fix-up. "She did all the talking, so I never had to say a word."

Because she's more mortal than her husband, the eddies nip more boldly at

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The Kansas State Wildcats had just taken a 3-0 lead over Oklahoma, and now they were smelling upset, a scent that has clung to the Sooners all season. On the minds of the 75,000 fans packed into Memorial Stadium in Norman was the question: "Is Kansas State this week's West Virginia?" Then K-State kicked off, and Marcus Dupree, one of only two scholarship freshmen at Oklahoma not redshirted, downed the ball in the end zone.

Taking over at their 20-yard line, the Sooners lined up in the I formation instead of the familiar Oklahoma Wishbone. Dupree, the tailback, flowed right and took a pitch from Quarterback Kelly Phelps. He began mincingly, as is his

habit, before exploding to the inside behind blocks by Fullback Stanley Wilson and Guard Steve Williams. With tacklers all around him, Dupree paused, almost provocatively, then cut again and his body reticulated—or seemed to—pads and all. The arms of Wildcat defenders bounced off him. He made the right sideline in two mammoth strides and outran Defensive Back Greg Best, who had appeared to have an angle on him, for an 80-yard touchdown.

Dupree's romp ruined Kansas State's upset dreams and ignited Oklahoma to a 24-10 win, its sixth straight following losses to West Virginia and USC. Better still for the Sooners, the 6'3", 233-pound, 18-year-old Dupree and the I formation have put the long, brilliant run back into OU football.

"It ain't the alignment, it's the alignment," insisted Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer after Saturday's game. "And Marcus Dupree is the best freshman ever to set foot on this campus. I don't know if any freshman ever went to school with his equipment."

Back on track with a tailback

Freshman I Back Marcus Dupree has Oklahoma running once again



When Dupree got the best of Best at the sideline, he was long gone on his 80-yard TD.

by Ralph Wiley

Or, Switzer might have added, his history. Dupree, who's from Philadelphia, Miss., came in second in the 100-yard dash (9.8) at the state meet as a freshman at Philadelphia High. In his sophomore year he played baseball, first base and catcher, and hit .481. In his final regular-season football game as a senior, against archrival Neshoba Central, he rushed for 340 yards on 14 carries—an average gain of 24.3 yards—and scored five touchdowns. The slabs of excess muscle on his body were laid down when, as an overweight fifth-grader, he began lifting weights every other day. "But," says Dupree, "I didn't get serious until seventh grade."

Dupree was the most heavily recruited high school running back in the nation last year. "Yeah, I'd imagine he's the type that Bear let up in the tower," says Switzer, who himself sent Billy Sims to Philadelphia in a private plane to help in the selling of Oklahoma.

"Matter of fact, I did watch Alabama practice with Coach Bryant up there," Dupree says. "But my final decision came down to Texas or Oklahoma. I wanted to run the football where they know how best."

The Sooners were 1-2, had been shut out for the first time in 181 games (by USC, 12-0) and, well, looked lost in their Wishbone when Switzer took the wraps off Dupree. Against USC Dupree had had four carries for zip, and after three games he had just 12 carries for 20 yards. "I think they wanted to bring me along slowly," he says. Meanwhile, Sooners fans and alumni were calling for Switzer's resignation. Edward L. Gaylord, publisher of *The Daily Oklahoman*, editorialized, "As a winner [Switzer] may have been tolerable to some, as a loser maybe it's time for him to move on."

Dupree's style is best suited to the tailback position in the I, but despite the intensifying heat, Switzer was understandably reluctant to abandon the Wishbone. In the '70s, Alabama and Oklahoma, Wishbone teams both, were the only Division I schools to accumulate 100 victories. But while Alabama tinkered with its Wishbone—flanking its backs, throw-

ing play-action passes, even dropback passes—Oklahoma remained classic, or stoic, with gradually less impressive results. This season, the Sooners still are the only Division I school without a touchdown pass.

"If I had the talent I had in the '70s, we could still run the Wishbone," Switzer says wistfully, recalling the days of Greg Pruitt, Joe Washington and Sims. But scholarship restrictions have dispersed the talent more evenly, and teams are doing a better job of defending the Wishbone. So the week after the USC shutout, Switzer implemented the I. Dupree ran 13 times for 62 yards and a touchdown in that game, a 13-3 defeat of Iowa State, and he has gone 30 or more yards for a touchdown in each of the five Sooners victories since.

Against Texas Dupree opened the scoring with a fake flanker reverse (no one but Dupree and Switzer knew the handoff would be bogus) that was good for 63 yards and a touchdown. Against Kansas, Dupree, on his first carry of the game, bolted 75 yards for a touchdown, pausing along the way to plant the final defender with a stiff-arm so stunning that Switzer said later, "It's not fair for a guy to be 6' 3", 233, 9.5 and know karate, too." In that game Dupree carried nine times for 158 yards and scored three touchdowns. The next week, against Oklahoma State, he scored from 30 yards out on fourth-and-one. Against Colorado he was held to 53 yards in 12 carries, but he ran back a punt 77 yards for a score after shrugging off an attempted necktie tackle that might have turned even a good back into a soprano. "Can you imagine?" asks Switzer. "230 pounds, running back punts?"

With each subsequent dash, the cheers for Dupree grow louder, the comparisons grander, the attention greater. And the Wishbone has been placed farther back on the shelf—the Sooners used it only 20% of the time against Kansas State. The comparisons abound. Dupree is Herschel Walker II. Sooners fans say, "He's Earl Campbell all over again," says Williams. Switzer says that Dupree is "unlike any back we've had here. Bigger, but still a runner." No one has mentioned Jimmy Brown yet, but the similarity is obvious.

Curiously, it wasn't one of Oklahoma's Wishbone runners that Dupree admired most when he was being sold on Oklahoma. "I liked [Quarterback] Thomas Lott—a lot," he says, grinning.

"The way he ran the offense. He seemed to know what he was doing." But Lott departed in 1978, and, as Switzer says, "Poor quarterback running ability has allowed teams to defend us." Now the Sooners are humming again. Wilson rushed for 143 yards and Dupree for 118 and two TDs against Kansas State, the first time all year two Sooners backs had surpassed 100 yards.

The Sooners will need that sort of devastating running attack if they hope to defeat Nebraska and go to the Orange Bowl. "At the beginning of the year, I thought Oklahoma had no chance against Nebraska," said Kansas State Coach Jim Dickey. "Now I think they do." The chance is Dupree, a quiet kid with shy eyes, a B+ student who has a 6.9-yard average per carry and remarkably little hubris. "None of it, football or studies, is overwhelming," he says. Nebraska, however, may be.

Perhaps in anticipation of the Nov. 26 showdown with the Cornhuskers, Dupree ran an option run-pass sweep at the Thursday practice before the Kansas State game and fired a 40-yard bullet completion. A bespectacled 13-year-old named Kathy, sheltered against evening shadows and prairie winds by her father's arms, said, "Look, Daddy! He's the quarterback, the runner, the tank, everything!" Her father, Barry by name, adjusted the tobacco in his lip, squinted, and said, "Yep."

when the Bears drove 80 yards for a touchdown that cut their halftime deficit to 14-7. Then, early in the fourth period, Baylor led the score at 14-14 when Mike Brannan passed 12 yards to Allen Rice. Arkansas moved ahead on a 33-yard field goal by Martin Smith, but the Bears scored matters at 17-17 on a 32-yarder by Ben Perry with 7:19 to go in the game. Perry's footwork needed a helping hand. His kick into a gusty wind would have been too low to make it over the crossbar, but it deflected off one of the Razorbacks, and that gave it enough loft to get over the bar.

Late in the fourth quarter Arkansas resorted to trickery, which was fitting for a team coached by amateur magician Lou Holtz. After a double reverse, Wide Receiver Mark Myster threw downfield, but Baylor Defensive Back Preston Davis wasn't fooled and intercepted at the Hogs' 47. Tailback Alfred Anderson, who had scored Baylor's first touchdown on a two-yard run, bugged over from four yards out with 2:38 remaining in the game and the Bears made that stand up for a 24-17 victory. Brannan, whose 10-for-20 passing accounted for 230 yards, stung the Razorbacks with three passes that were longer than any completed against them all season—52, 39 and 60 yards.

It was a homecoming of a different sort for SMU Tailback Craig James and Spin End Gary Smith during a 41-14 win over Rice at Houston. James, who is from Houston, had his biggest day of the year, rushing for 130 yards on 20 carries, scoring on a one-yard plunge and throwing a 62-yard touchdown pass. That ball was caught by Smith, who's also from Houston. Earlier, Smith had grabbed a 28-yard TD pass from Quarterback Lance McIlhenny. Eric Dickerson, the Mustangs' other fine tailback, scored on a 19-yard run and wound up with 102 yards on 25 carries. All of which left SMU a game and a half ahead of Arkansas in the Southwest Conference race.

Texas recovered four Houston fumbles, intercepted three passes and handed the Cougars a 50-0 setback, their worst ever. The Longhorns led 30-0 at intermission and played their reserves most of the rest of the way. Texas Tech was a 16-14 winner at Texas Christian.

Independent East Carolina got 16 points from freshman Placekicker Jeff Heath during the Pirates' 40-24 triumph at Texas-Arlington. In addition to booting four extra points, Heath kicked a school-record four field goals from distances of 53, 42, 45 and a team-record 58 yards.

WEST Trailing by three points, UCLA had a fourth and seven with less than half a minute to go at Washington. Bruin Quarterback Tom Ramsey threw what looked to be a perfect pass to Tailback Danny Andrews. A completion would give the Bruins a

continued

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

SOUTHWEST There were some 40,000 fans in Baylor Stadium for the Bears' homecoming game against Arkansas. It would have been understandable if some of those rooting for the Bears had left before halftime. After all, the early going hadn't been much fun for them, what with the Razorbacks taking a 14-0 lead midway through the second quarter. Besides, what chance did Baylor, already a five-time loser, have against an undefeated team that hadn't surrendered a touchdown in 17 periods and was fourth nationally in total defense? The Hogs were ranked fifth in the country by the Associated Press, and the Bears hadn't beaten a team of that caliber since way back in 1966.

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first down near the Husky 20. An incomplete throw would give the ball—and a 10-7 victory—to Washington. Just as the pass reached Andrews, so did Washington Cornerback Bill Stapleton—and his hard hit jarred the ball loose and put an end to UCLA's comeback. For the Bruins, it was the first loss of the season.

Stapleton's hit was the last of many big plays by Washington defenders, who sacked Ramsey nine times, recovered three fumbles and intercepted two passes. Outside Linebacker Mark Stewart accounted for five of the sacks, for minus 17 yards. Nonetheless, the Bruins had 384 yards in total offense, 248 of them on 18-for-31 passing by Ramsey, who produced UCLA's only score on a 39-yard throw to Jojo Townsell with 5:37 to go. Washington had built a 10-0 advantage on a four-yard run by Jacques Robinson in the first quarter and an 18-yard field goal by Chuck Nelson in the third. The Huskies, who trail Arizona State by half a game, meet the Sun Devils this week in a showdown for first place in the Pac-10—and a likely trip to the Rose Bowl.

Oregon State, which had won only one of 30 previous games, almost put a crimp in Arizona State's Rose Bowl hopes. The Sun Devils, who hadn't given up more than 249 yards in total offense in any game and hadn't allowed a run of more than 17 yards, led only 17-16 at halftime. During those first 30 minutes of play, the visiting Beavers had 285 yards total offense. Much of that came on three runs—a 65-yarder by Quarterback Jeff Sey, a 25-yarder for a touchdown by Fullback Bryce Oglesby and a 62-yarder for another score by Tailback James Terrell. Arizona State finally knuckled down on defense, however, and allowed Oregon State just mid-field just once during the last two periods. And on offense, second-half scoring runs of four yards by Alvin Moore and 25 yards by Derryl Clark helped the Sun Devils go on to a 30-16 victory. So did 300 yards worth of passing by Todd Huns, who completed 20 of 32 throws. Luis Zendejas of Arizona State kicked three field goals, one a school-record 53-yarder.

Southern Cal intercepted eight California passes, ran two back for touchdowns and romped 42-0. The Trojans also scored on a tricky 39-yard pass from Flanker Timmy White to Wide Receiver Jeff Simmons. White, a senior, has thrown only four passes in college, all after taking handoffs and all to Simmons, two of them for touchdowns. Altogether, White's four completions have covered 197 yards.

With a 27-13 lead and just 12 minutes left, Stanford looked like a sure winner over visiting Arizona. But then on third and two, the Wildcats caught the defense napping and Tom Tunnicliffe teamed up with Tight End Mark Keel on a 63-yard scoring pass. Arizona then marched 72 yards to a touchdown and converted a fumble recovery and an intercept-

tion into two more scores for a 41-27 triumph. Stanford's John Elway completed 22 of 33 passes for 259 yards. That gave Elway 719 career completions, more than the NCAA record set by Purdue's Mark Herrmann two years ago. In a battle to see which team would gain its first conference win of the season, Washington State bumped off Oregon 10-3.

SOUTH Maryland's freshman Fullback Rick Badanjek scored his second touchdown against Miami on a four-yard run with 7:50 to go, prompting Terp Coach Bobby Ross to opt for a two-point conversion try. Simple enough. Well, not quite.

SI TOP 20

1. GEORGIA (9-0)	2 *
2. SMU (9-0)	3
3. ARIZONA STATE (9-0)	4
4. PENN STATE (8-1)	5
5. NEBRASKA (8-1)	6
6. LSU (7-0-1)	13
7. WASHINGTON (8-1)	8
8. NOTRE DAME (6-1-1)	—
9. PITT (7-1)	11
10. FLORIDA STATE (7-1)	11
11. ARKANSAS (7-1)	7
12. UCLA (7-1-1)	10
13. ALABAMA (7-2)	9
14. WEST VIRGINIA (7-2)	12
15. SOUTHERN CAL (6-2)	15
16. MARYLAND (7-2)	16
17. OKLAHOMA (7-2)	17
18. CLEMSON (6-1-1)	19
19. TEXAS (5-2)	—
20. MICHIGAN (7-2)	20

* Last week

As Quarterback Boomer Esiason explained it, "If Miami came out in a certain defense, Coach Ross told me to nodify away from the running play he'd called to a pass, 72. But we had never checked off to 72 and nobody knew which way to block for it. So when time was running out [to get the play off], I just said, 'Block who's in front of you.' That scheme worked, and Esiason passed over the middle to Wide Receiver Mike Lewis, who made a leaping catch just inside the end line. The Terps still trailed 17-15, but they held the Hurricanes after the ensuing kickoff. An 18-yard punt gave Maryland the ball at the Miami 43. When the Terps' drive stalled at the 21 with 2:14 remaining, Jess Aikison, who earlier in the half had missed a 23-yard field goal, kicked a 38-yarder. That put Maryland ahead 18-17, a lead that held up when Miami's Jeff Davis, who had earlier kicked field goals of 25, 36 and 46 yards, missed a 40-yard

attempt with nine seconds remaining. The Terps' win, their seventh straight, was achieved despite a sputtering offense, 98 yards in penalties and the fact that they used up all their time-outs by the midpoint of the fourth quarter. With Jim Kelly out for the season because of a shoulder separation and backup Mark Richt suspended for the game for training rules violations, freshman Kyle Vanderwilt quarterbacked the Hurricanes. Vanderwilt completed 16 of 28 passes for 192 yards and had Miami in front 17-7 before Maryland rallied for 11 points in the closing minutes.

North Carolina also lost its regular signal-caller—and a 16-13 Atlantic Coast Conference decision at Clemson. Rod Elkins completed all seven of his passes for 70 yards against the Tigers before he was forced out of the game in the first quarter after reinjuring his left knee; he missed three games earlier in the season because of a knee injury. Scott Stankavage, Elkins' replacement, was on target with 15 of 31 passes for 210 yards and one touchdown. Stankavage's last throw, however, skittered off the fingers of Tailback Tyrone Anthony on a fourth-down play from the Clemson 15 with 35 seconds left. The Tar Heels outgained the Tigers 446 yards to 299 in total offense, but were hurt by four turnovers. Clemson's biggest weapon was the lucking of Bob Purling, who boosted field goals of 46, 43 and 46 yards.

Although he earned just 10 times for 45 yards, Florida State Tailback Greg Allen scored four touchdowns during a 56-26 romp at South Carolina. The Seminoles amassed 437 yards through the air as Kelly Lowrey completed 14 of 24 passes for 269 yards and Blair Williams added 168 more by completing seven of 15. Georgia Tech knocked off Virginia 38-32, and Duke handed Wake Forest a 46-26 loss.

While Georgia was walloping Florida 44-0 (page 26) and Louisiana State was stunning Alabama 20-10 (page 32), Auburn moved into sole possession of third place in the Southeastern Conference. A crowd of 58,000 sang "Happy Birthday Coach Dye" to Pat Dye with five minutes left in the Tigers' 30-7 defeat of Rutgers. Lionel James and Bo Jackson did much to make it a happy 43rd for Dye. James ran back seven punts for 103 yards, breaking loose for two 39-yard returns. Jackson, a freshman running back, ran for 114 yards. The Scarlet Knights didn't get past midfield until the final quarter, when they put together a 77-yard TD drive.

Kentucky remained winless, losing 23-10 to Vanderbilt. SEC teams took two nonconference games, Mississippi defeating Tulane 45-14 and Tennessee knocking off Memphis State 29-3. By losing, Kentucky moved one step closer to having its first winless season ever since in began playing football in 1881. Such ineptitude is something new for Coach Jerry Claiborne, the winner of 138 games in

continued

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20 previous seasons at two other colleges. "You've got to have strong faith," said Claiborne as he discussed his inhalations. "There are going to be times in life when your intelligence, your knowledge and your physical ability don't pay off. That's when you need your faith."

A 34-17 defeat of Tennessee Tech left first-place Eastern Kentucky 5-0 in the Ohio Valley Conference and 7-0 overall. Southwestern Conference leader Jackson State beat Texas Southern 34-28.

MIDWEST During a time-out with 27 seconds left, Illinois Coach Mike White and Quarterback Tony Eason huddled, only to discover they were both thinking of the same play, one they felt would bring them their team's first win over Michigan since 1966. Illinois trailed 16-10 but had the ball at the Wolverine two-yard line on fourth down. The agreed-upon play was an off-tackle run by Halfback Dwight Beverly. The Wolverine defense had already given up 243 yards rushing to the Illini and had been rattled for 272 yards through the air by Eason, who had completed 28 of 47 attempts. Those 515 yards in total offense were the most ever yielded by Michigan. On the game's pivotal play, though, the visiting Wolverines stopped Beverly cold. Michigan got 177 yards rushing from Tailback Lawrence Ricks and 125 yards on five catches by Flanker Anthony Carter. It was Carter who scored his team's only touchdown on a 40-yard pass from Steve Smith in the first quarter. The rest of the Wolverines' points came on field goals of 30, 45 and 47 yards by Ali Haid-Sheikh. By winning either of its final two games, against Purdue and Ohio State, Michigan can clinch the Big Ten championship and a berth in the Rose Bowl.

Ohio State coasted past Minnesota 35-10 behind the passing of Mike Tomczak, who completed 13 of 17 for 224 yards. Split End Gary Williams caught three balls, tying an NCAA record of having caught at least one pass in 42 straight regular-season games. By gaining 133 yards on 22 carries, Tailback Tim Spencer went over 1,000 yards for the second year in a row. Spencer's total for the season is now 1,057 yards.

After catching a pass from Wide Receiver Al Toon late in the second period against Indiana, Wisconsin Quarterback Randy Wright was tackled and landed on his head. Wright, who it was feared might have suffered a broken neck, was rushed to a nearby hospital. After X rays turned out to be negative, Wright returned to the game, completed four of eight passes and led the Badgers to a 14-10 lead. Also, that wasn't the end of a dramatic little story for Wright and Wisconsin. With the score tied 17-17, Indiana's Bube Laufenberg, who made good on 24 of 32 passes for 297 yards, completed five throws during a last-minute drive. Only four seconds remained

when Doug Smith came in and kicked a 42-yard field goal that enabled Indiana to pull out a 20-17 victory.

Two weeks before taking on Iowa, Purdue Coach Leon Burnett spotted something in the statistical sheets that he found very interesting. When Burnett noticed that that even though Hawkeye Quarterback Reggie Roby was then second in the nation with a 47.5-yard average, Iowa's opponents were returning many of his kicks good distances. So Burnett groomed freshman speedster Steve Griffin to be his new punt returner by having him spend a lot of time fielding balls from the team's kicking machine. Griffin, handling punts for the first time as a collegian, ran back three of Roby's kicks for 92 yards, including one return of 71 yards for a touchdown as the Boilermakers won 16-7. Northwestern beat

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE Mike Rozier, a 5' 11", 210-pound junior I back, led Nebraska to a 48-10 victory over Oklahoma State as he carried 33 times for 251 yards and scored on runs of four, 17, two and 37 yards.

DEFENSE Mark Stewart, Washington's 6' 3", 227-pound senior outside linebacker, made 15 unassisted tackles, helped on two more and sacked the UCLA quarterback five times as the Huskies won 10-7.

Michigan State 28-24 for its third win of the season, as freshman Quarterback Sandy Schwab passed for one touchdown, ran for another and caught a pass for a third.

It was billed as a matchup of two of the country's finest runners—Oklahoma State's Ernest Anderson, No. 1 in Division I-A, with an average of 189.7 yards a game, against Nebraska's Mike Rozier, No. 5 with a 141-yard average. It was no contest: The Huskers prevailed 48-10 and Rozier outgained Anderson, who left the game in the third period with bruised ribs, 251 yards to 68. Rozier's big day gave him 1,379 yards for the season, breaking a team mark established 32 years ago by Bob Reynolds.

Missouri defeated Colorado 35-14 and Kansas upset Iowa State 24-17. Fullback E.J. Jones of the Jayhawks rushed for 112 yards, caught three passes for 30 yards and scored two touchdowns.

Bowling Green beat Ball State 28-7 to become the new leader in the Mid-American Conference. Central Michigan, which had been first, was blanked 23-0 at Miami. In a game between teams that were both 0-8, the winner was Eastern Michigan, which bumped off Kent State 9-7 to end the nation's longest losing streak at 27 games. Tulsa solidified its grip on the Missouri Valley Conference lead with a resounding 59-21 triumph over West Texas State.

EAST Penn State handed North Carolina State a 54-0 shellacking as Nittany Lion defenders recovered four fumbles, intercepted three passes, allowed only one penetration inside their 40 and sacked Wolfpack Quarterback Tol Avery four times for 45 yards in losses. Penn State passed for 202 yards, 192 of them by Todd Blackledge, who completed 14 of 24 attempts. Flanker Kenny Jackson gained 122 yards on seven catches. The Nittany Lions picked up even more yards on the ground—289 in all—and got two touchdowns apiece from three backs: Jon Williams, Tony Mumford and Curt Warner, who carried a total of 106 yards as he carried 19 times.

Two fourth-quarter scoring passes by Kevin White propelled West Virginia to a 20-17 victory at Temple. With first-string Quarterback Jeff Hostetler sidelined for the second week in a row by a nagging foot injury, White rallied the Mountaineers by passing 68 yards to Split End Rich Hollins and then five yards to Halfback Mickey Walczak. The Owls, who led 7-6 at halftime, played most of the final two periods without Quarterback Tim Ruardan, who suffered bruised ribs.

Doug Flutie of Boston College connected on only 11 of 26 passes against Massachusetts, but his completions netted 205 yards and led to a 34-21 victory. Connecticut, which had been tied for last in the Yankee Conference, was a 13-10 winner over Boston University, which had been first. The Terriers could have looked up first place but now are tied for the lead with Maine, which defeated New Hampshire 31-14.

Both Ivy League co-leaders defeated outsiders, Penn stopping Colgate 21-13 and Harvard scoring in the final 19 seconds for a 24-17 win at Holy Cross. Brown was a 23-22 victor at William & Mary, but Princeton lost to Lafayette 47-37. In the latter contest, three players had big numbers: Brent Woods of the Tigers connected for 35 of 57 passes for 403 yards; the Leopards got 272 yards passing from Frank Novak as he hit on 19 of 30 attempts; and Lafayette Halfback Nick Kowgog logged the ball 27 times for 269 yards, caught four passes for another 46 yards and scored four touchdowns. In league games, it was Cornell 26-20 over Yale and Dartmouth 56-41 over Columbia. The Lions were down despite the feats of Quarterback John Witkowski, who set or tied 14 Columbia and Ivy records. Witkowski established league marks with 499 yards in total offense and in 39 completions (in 64 attempts, for 461 yards), and tied another league record with five touchdown passes.

Air Force and Navy both stuck mostly to the ground while winning. The Falcons ran through Army for 332 yards as they won their service academy matchup 27-9. Tailback Napoleon McCullum picked up 147 of the Modocs' 271 yards rushing during a 20-18 triumph at Syracuse.

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No squawks from the Hawks

New Coach Orval Tessier has cleaned up Chicago's old riot act—and how

by Jack Falla

Denis Savard, of all people, should've known better than to mouth off at Orval Tessier, the new coach of the Chicago Black Hawks. A dozen or so years ago, Tessier had coached the Hawk center at a youth hockey camp in Verdun, Quebec. One thing Savard learned, he says, was that Tessier's "a guy who lets you know who's boss."

But Gallic temper prevailed over memory when a frustrated Savard skated to the bench early in the third period of the Hawks' Sept. 26 preseason game against Minnesota and flung his gloves on the floor of the players' box. Then, recalls Tessier, "He says to me, 'That bleeding power play isn't working.' So I said to him, 'O.K., you don't bleeping have to play on it.' " Savard, who last year broke the Hawks' single-season scoring record with 119 points and whose semitumbling stickhandling makes him a favorite with Chicago fans, spent the rest of the game on the bench while his team skated to a 3-2 loss.

By such remorselessly swift and unpolitic strokes of justice, Tessier, 49, has begun to recast the character of the first NHL team ever entrusted to him. It was a character sorely in need of recasting. In 1981-82, the Hawks were a sort of run-and-mug club that had the seventh-best offense in the 21-team league and the third-worst defense. They surrendered 31 more goals than they scored. In addition, only five teams were assessed more penalty minutes than Chicago, whose infractions totaled 33 misconducts. The Hawks ended the regular season in fourth place in the Norris Division with a 30-38-12 record. That they clutched and grabbed their way into the semifinals of the playoffs, before losing to Vancouver only underscored the point that, while Chicago had talent, it lacked discipline. Today the Hawks seem to have both.

After Sunday's 7-3 win over Toronto, Chicago was 7-2-5 and second to Minnesota in the Norris. The Hawks had scored 13 more goals than they had given

up (62 to 49) and, perhaps most indicative of the change Tessier has wrought, had the fourth-fewest penalty minutes in the league and only one misconduct. As for the Savard-Tessier relationship? Not to worry. "Denny came to see me next morning and said he wished it hadn't happened," says Tessier. "I said I wished it hadn't happened, and that was the end of it. I don't have a doghouse. I don't believe in treating human beings that way."

Besides taking quick command of the Hawks, "Orval's proving that better defense doesn't take away from our offense," says Savard, who after 14 games had six goals and 15 assists. So well has Tessier indoctrinated the Hawks with his gospel of defense that they never hesitate to spout one of his favorite maxims: "If we take care of our own end, the other end will take care of itself."

"Thus far he's proven it to us," says Doug Wilson, who last season won the NHL's Norris Trophy (best defenseman) primarily because he scored 39 goals, the second-highest total ever by a defenseman (Bobby Orr had 49 in 1974-75). This year Wilson leads the Hawks in scoring with 22 points on four goals and 18 assists and in shots on goal with 54. Defensively, though, he's still a liability. As a result, in a 3-3 tie with Washington last week, Tessier had a chance to live up to another of his maxims: "I coach for the team, not the player." With nine seconds remaining in the opening period and a face-off in the Chicago defensive zone to the right of Goaltender Tony Esposito—a situation in which Wilson would cover the slot—Tessier left Wilson and his partner, Bob Murray, on the bench and sent out Greg Fox and Keith Brown in their place.

While Tessier later maintained that the decision was no reflection on Wilson's defensive ability, he did say, "Had he face-off been at the other end, Doug would've been out there. He's a great offensive defenseman, and I won't put any

continued



There's no holding Wilson when he has the puck, but holding it is his game on defense.

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shackles on him. But I think we're going to see him become more of a two-way player, which he's perfectly willing to do."

"You work for Orval, you play for him," says Wilson. "That was the first thing he told us. He got our respect right away because he made a lot of moves and sat some people down. That takes guts for a rookie coach." In Chicago's season opener, at home against Toronto, Tessier didn't dress Captain Terry Ruskowski (who was later traded to Los Angeles) or veteran forwards Rich Preston and Grant Mulvey. In goal, he started third-year man Murray Bannerman over Esposito, a 13-season veteran who's revered around Chicago. Since then, the two net-minders have split the chores, with Esposito going 4-0-3 and Bannerman 3-2-2.

Nor did Tessier object when General Manager Bob Pulford traded veteran defenseman and tough guy Dave Hutchison, leaving 6'1", 205-pound Left Wing Al Secord, who had a team-high 303 penalty minutes in 1981-82, as the Hawks' chief enforcer. Secord, who boxes during the off-season to keep in shape, emerged as a scorer last year with 44 goals, and this season he ranks fifth in the NHL with 13. But Secord is another case of a star feeling the strictures of the Tessier regime.

"I played for Don Cherry in Boston," he says, "and in one way they [Tessier and Cherry] are alike because they stress hard work, but where Don wanted us to be physically intimidating, Orval emphasizes skating, coming back with your check, playing good position in our end."

Don't be misled, however. Tessier isn't about to transform Chicago into the Wimpy City. "Sometimes you have to fight," he says. "I understand that, but I can't stand talking misconducts that get you extra minutes for something you say to the ref, or what I call nonworking penalties. Those come when you have to trip or hook a guy because you've been standing around doing nothing."

Tessier accepts Secord's role as policeman—"Al's our bug guy, and he has to let them know who's boss," he says—but insists the winger pick his spots. That's just what Secord didn't do against Washington. He and Caps' Defenseman Randy Holt were penalized for roughing in the first period and fighting in the second.



Tessier doesn't claim his philosophy is original.

"What did Holt have?" says Tessier. "A couple of goals all last season? [He scored two.] So our 44-goal scorer goes off with their two-goal scorer. That's not a fair trade. It's tough for Al, but sometimes a big guy with his reputation just has to go over to the guy who's bothering him and say, 'Take off before I drive you.'"

Tessier is a plain-looking pudgy man whose moon-face is framed by a double chin and a receding hairline. It's not an imposing visage, but it abounds with blue-collar straightforwardness. Tessier looks like the guy who comes to fix the furnace. In a way he is. "Did you see that sign by the [locker-room] door?" he asks a visitor. "I think it's a good message." The sign reads: A MAN SHOWS WHAT HE IS BY WHAT HE DOES WITH WHAT HE HAS.

The message is corny—though not as corny as the aphorism over the whirlpool: YOU CAN'T MAKE THE CLUB IN THE TUB, or the one in the equipment room: WE SUPPLY EVERYTHING BUT GUTS—but it encapsulates Tessier's struggling and heretofore modest life as well as his coaching philosophy. A winger, he came up to the NHL with Montreal for four games during the 1954-55 season and then did short stretches with Boston in 1955-56 and 1960-61. "I wasn't a fast skater so I couldn't do the things I did in the juniors or minors," he says. "That's why I stress skating with all my teams."

Always a half beat behind the NHL orchestra, Tessier retired in 1964. At the time, he was playing with the now-defunct Portland Buckaroos of the Western Hockey League and "trying to raise a family of four kids on \$6,000 a year." Tessier took a job in his native Cornwall, Ontario as a salesman for Molson Breweries. He was out of hockey until 1971, when he agreed to coach a weak Cornwall Junior A team. Tessier guided the club to the national championship—the Memorial Cup—in his first season. After 10 successful years behind the bench in junior hockey, he was tapped by Pulford to coach Chicago's American Hockey League affiliate, the New Brunswick Hawks, in 1981. Tessier promptly led them to the league title.

"He's been a winner everywhere he's coached," says Pulford. The Hawks' management also was impressed by the discipline he imposed in Cornwall and New Brunswick.

Murray, who played for Tessier at Cornwall before joining the Hawks, recalls a game in which Cornwall went into the final period leading 9-2 and ended up winning 9-5. "He came into the locker room and said, 'You guys won't ever stop skating like that again,' and then fined us our \$25-a-week expense money." Once he got his message across, Tessier gave back the money.

Rookie Steve Larmer, who played for Tessier in New Brunswick and is now right wing on the Savard-Second line, says Tessier hasn't altered his style for the bigs: "Orval stresses defense and discipline then and it's the same here now." Which isn't to say he's always a dreary taskmaster. After the taking of Chicago's official team picture had consumed much of practice the morning following the Washington game, a group of players asked Tessier if they could play an intrasquad game instead of going through the usual regimen.

"Good idea," he said with a laugh. "Let's play a hockey game because you sure didn't play one last night." Tessier then said to Assistant Coach Cliff Koroll, "I'll coach the second and fourth lines, you take the first and third lines and \$5 says my team will win." Tessier won the bet as his side prevailed 3-2.

As the sign says, a man shows what he is by what he does with what he has. **END**

THRICE PERFECT, ONCE SCORDED

by **JOHN GARRITY**

Glenn Allison was sure that he'd bowled the first official 900 series, but the American Bowling Congress said uh-uh, the lanes weren't legit

2 22

BEN	18 26 45 54 72 81 97 117 136 145 164
RICK	29 48 57 66 86 106 136 155 174 183 35
JESSE	20 39 48 65 85 114 134 154 174 193 54
H	4 7 8 9 12 14 18 21 25

12 15

DENNIS	26 42 63 70 84 104 124 147 167 194 24
GLENN	x x x x x x x x x 500 54
GLADIA	14 27 36 45 61 81 109 121 140 149 65
	3 6 10 12 16 20 24 28 32





continued

We cannot make decisions based on sentiment or popularity.

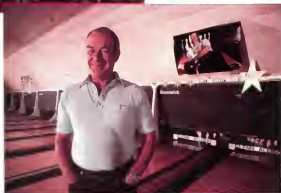
—BURT KELLERMANN
Assistant Secretary-Treasurer,
American Bowling Congress

This is the story of a man who wants immortality and a bureaucracy that says he can't have it.

Glenn Allison is a 52-year-old liquor-store manager from Whittier, Calif. He has sad eyes and a warm smile. Allison works a 60-hour week at Ron's Wines 'n' Spirits on Leffingwell Avenue in Whittier, on the border between Los Angeles and Orange counties. There he sells margarita mix to young women in shorts. They have no idea that Allison is a retired professional bowler—a winner of four ABC championships, five Professional Bowlers Association titles, and a member of the ABC Hall of Fame. He doesn't tell them.

He follows the Rams, the Dodgers and the Lakers on a portable TV he keeps behind the counter; he smokes a pack and a half of Cartons a day, drives a 1968 Buick and plays golf at a municipal course on weekend afternoons. He's a self-described "three-time loser" in marriage, which may account for the sad eyes, and he lives in a house that's owned

Allison's feat is proclaimed without and within: his portraits displayed at the lanes where he rolled his 900, the pinwheels bearing his name.



by his older brother, Bob, and his sister-in-law, Wilma.

On Thursday nights he bowls with his relatives.

Allison's run at immortality began at nine o'clock on the night of Thursday, July 1, 1982 with the first frame of Anchor Girl Trio League play at the La Habra 300 Bowl. Before he threw his first ball Allison had, à la Babe Ruth pointing at the centerfield fence, told his girl friend, Jessie Thompson, he'd roll her a 300 game for her birthday. At nine sharp he bowled a strike.

At about 9:30, Bob Allison, a 61-year-old design engineer for a tool company, left Wilma in the bowling alley's restaurant, promising to be right back. Every few minutes she heard muffled cheers over the din of falling pins. She wanted to go see what was happening, but she had no money to pay the tab. When Bob did come back, he was flushed and excited. "Glenn just threw a 300 game!"

Wilma hustled to the lanes, leaving Bob to pay the check. She found Glenn standing before Lanes 13 and 14, chatting with her son, Ron. Glenn had already bowled two frames into the next game—both strikes. With a glass of Crown Royal in one hand and a close-lipped smile of contentment on his face, he appeared totally relaxed. He greeted Wilma and nodded to Jessie, "anchor girl" for the opposing team on the lanes.

"It isn't fair," Wilma said. "I've never seen a 300 game!"

"Well, there's always the chance I'll throw another," Glenn said.

Thirty minutes later Allison gracefully launched his 24th consecutive ball into the pocket, gave a little arm pump as the pins crashed and walked back to the growing cluster of amazed bowlers who were looking on. His smile was broader. He exchanged hand slaps with his teammates and relatives and got a big hug from Jessie. His sad eyes twinkled. He had bowled two straight 300 games.

For the next half an hour, whenever Allison stepped onto the approach to Lane 13 or 14, the La Habra 300 Bowl fell eerily silent. Bowlers on the 30 other



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

Allison at the family store and posing with teammates from the big night: (from left) his girl, Jessie Thompson, Dennis Curley, Rick Moffat, Ben Gerson and Glenda Acocks

lanes waited respectfully. Waitresses tiptoed by with their trays of beer. Once Allison's ball was safely on its way, the quiet was broken as cries and exhortations accompanied it into the pocket; shouts, yelps and applause greeted each crash of pins.

Strike 5. Strike 6. Strike 7.

When the pins scattered convincingly for Allison in the eighth frame, he twisted through the noisy tangle of spectators, drink in hand, and found his brother. "I'm nervous," he said in Bob's ear. "My knees are shaking."

Allison's knees had just caught up with the stomachs of most of his audience. He was on the brink of bowling the highest competitive series in history. Two more strikes would practically guarantee the eclipse of Allie Brandt's record 886 series, shot in 1939.

Allison's nervousness didn't show on ball nine, which hooked into the pocket with the same sure tempo as the 32 that had preceded it, striking again. But ball 10 ran fast and straight. Those who weren't holding their breath groaned, for Allison's "oozer" was too high. Allison, poised at the foul line, winced as his ball crunched the head pin. The head pin leaped out of the crashing pack, ricocheted off the sidewall, smacked the 4-pin, which bumped the lonely 9-pin, which wobbled . . . and fell. Which left everyone limp with relief and incredulity. And made Allison believe in destiny.

That settled, he calmly rolled two more balls into the pocket for his 35th and 36th consecutive strikes, his third consecutive 300 game and the first 900 series in sanctioned competition. (Two 900 series were rolled in "friendly competition" back in the '30s. These



aren't officially recognized because they weren't bowled in formal play.)

At this point Allison stopped being calm and fell to his knees. He made it to a seat and disappeared under a mob of pummeling well-wishers. When he finally emerged from the jubilant crowd there were tears in his eyes. "There were a lot of grown men who cried that night," one witness recalls.

A week or two after Allison had bowled the 900 series, Mickey Curley, general manager of La Habra 300 Bowl, mounted Allison's portrait over Lanes 13 and 14. In the picture he lounges, center-fold fashion, on a bowling lane with his bowling ball at his side. Under the photograph are three small gold stars, each emblazoned with the number 300, followed by one big star with a 900 on it and the

legend Glenn Allison 7-1-82. The pin-sweeps, which normally carry a Brunswick logo, proclaim Glenn Allison instead. Lanes 13 and 14 are a shrine to bowling perfection.

Actually, they are a battleground. The ABC, after inspecting Lanes 13 and 14, refused to sanction the 900 series, citing lane-dressing conditions that were not "in compliance with Article 7, Section 3" of the rule book. Local inspectors had checked the lanes almost immediately after Allison's series, around midnight and again at 10:50 a.m. on July 2. Later that day Kellermann flew to California from ABC headquarters in Milwaukee to verify the initial findings.

He met with the inspectors in an office at the La Habra 300 Bowl, and on the morning of July 3 indicated to Curley he

continued



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would recommend that the ABC not recognize the 900 series. Allison was granted a month to submit material supporting the validity of the score. On Sept. 3 ABC Executive Secretary-Treasurer Roger Tesman announced that, given the evidence, the ABC had to rule against him, but that Allison still had the right to appeal. This he did, in person, but last week the appeal was rejected. He is now preparing to take the matter to court.

Allison's 900 series was the ultimate provocation in a controversy over high scores and bowling standards that has polarized the sport for almost two decades. Critics of the ABC have long argued that lane-dressing standards are vague and arbitrarily policed and that the ABC is too hidebound to admit it. Bowlers in ABC-sanctioned leagues have written letters and signed petitions to the ABC demanding that Allison's feat be recognized. "Pardon us if we suspect that Allie Brandt's record is sacrosanct to your august body..." reads a petition drawn up during a tournament at the Canoga Park (Calif.) Bowl. "Glenn Allison's 900 series may never be sanctioned by the ABC, but it will forever be sanctioned in the hearts and minds of millions of bowlers and sports fans as a superb and heroic achievement."

"I think it's a remarkable feat," says star PBA bowler Earl Anthony. "It's like a golfer hitting three or four straight holes in one." Anthony is distressed, as

are many of Allison's peers, that a bowler's greatest moment can be wiped out with the flourish of a hall-point pen. "My opinion is, when a bowler comes into a bowling center for an ABC-sanctioned league, he comes in good faith. He's paid his dues. So when he bowls a score, I feel he should be sanctioned automatically. If something is wrong, the ABC should punish the bowling center, not the bowler."

The outcry in favor of Allison's 900 series represents a curious reversal for those persistent ABC critics who have long lambasted the governing body for encouraging inflated scores. Bowling averages now are an estimated 10 to 15 pins better than mid-'60s scores, a phenomenon blamed by many on the ABC's approval of lighter and bouncier double-voiced bowling pins (the new pins have two interior air spaces; the older ones were solid) and softer balls that tend to grip the lanes better. Close to 6,000 perfect games were bowled last year, according to the ABC, compared to 1,900 five years ago, with no appreciable increase in the number of lines bowled.

Allison, whose bowling prime predated the cheap-score era, says, "I would be the first to admit that in the mid-'60s there's no way I could have earned 36 straight strikes against the pins of that time. If you go back 10 years more, I might have missed three or four strikes with the same hits. But the ABC is responsible for this current rise in scores through its sanctioning of the pins, the lanes and the bowling balls."

That the 900 series should be wiped out by an "administrative denial" bewil-



Kellermann found the lanes to be less than perfect.

ders and annoys the Allison faithful. "I know those lanes were legal that night," insists Gene Rogers, La Habra's lane manager at the time, who feels his integrity has been impugned by the ABC lane report. Bob Allison, admitting to fraternal prejudice, says, "Glenn bowled a 578 series in the early league the same night. If conditions were so easy, why didn't he bowl 900 twice?"

"It should go down as one of the greatest athletic feats of all time, like Joe DiMaggio's consecutive game hitting streak," argues six-time PBA champion Andy Marzich. "It's like a golfer going for 10 holes in one. It's mind-boggling."

A quiet man, not given to argument, Allison pleads his own case with an amiable firmness that never slips into rancor. "I've always had a good relationship with the American Bowling Congress and I think they've been great for bowling," he says. "But I think they're making a mistake. I want to rectify that mistake, and I want to fight for my rights."

The ABC's lane reports don't settle the question for Allison, who went to bed early in the morning of July 2 satisfied he had made bowling history. "Their statement was that the lanes didn't meet with ABC specifications per paragraph such and such," he says, "but there were no specifics as to what was wrong. I have all the charts that were made by the ABC officials. We've had them read by other people, knowledgeable people, and they feel there was nothing wrong."

Marzich, a friend and onetime Falstaff teammate of Allison's, voices the feeling

continued

The ABC doesn't think the only thing spooky about bowling guru Taylor is his singly-voiced pin



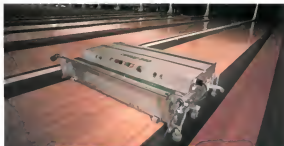


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Bowling's R2-D2 spreads dressing on a lane according to the settings on its instrument panel. The flow of "oil" may be further controlled by inserting plastic shims into the machine.

coated with a tough, nonflammable, urethane finish, topped for the first 40 or so feet from the foul line with a polish called "oil." This lane dressing was introduced out of necessity in the 1960s, when urethane replaced lacquer finishes on lanes. Bowling proprietors found the new surfaces so "dry" that ball friction damaged the lanes and affected the bowlers' shots. The answer was a thin film of oil applied daily to the first 40 feet of the lane.

On an oiled lane, conditions referred to as "ice" and "rug" prevail. A bowling ball skids and spins on the oil until it hits the rug, the unoiled final 20 feet to the head pin, where friction suddenly converts the ball's erratic action to roll, hook or curve. Every ball thrower picks up oil from the dressed area and carries it downlane; hence the term "track" for the relatively dry path that is worn through the oil in a few hours of bowling. For the average righthanded bowler, the track is in the area from the seventh to the 14th board, counting from the right edge

of the many tour veterans who are against high scores, but are for Allison. "It's not fair to give an opinion based on emotion or personalities," he says carefully. "But my good buddy Glenn wouldn't lie to anybody, and it's his opinion that those weren't tricked lanes. And he's bowled on plenty of 'em, in St. Louis, in Chicago, wherever. If he feels they were honest, I've got to go with Glenn."

Board 20 is dead center on a 39-board lane of the sort found at La Habra 300 Bowl. To get to the heart of the lane-dressing controversy, it makes sense to start in the middle of a bowling lane. The full length of a typical modern lane is



continued

"Most houses run their oil from the foul line to about 45 feet," explains Rogers, "but I disagree with that. I think you must get the ball into a hook pattern earlier to make better scores. I feel that 30 feet of oil is all you need. It gets you into a roll earlier so the ball has more momentum when it hits the pins."

Rogers points out the track on Lane 13, a relatively dull-looking path through the gleaming oil. "A 'crown' is legal," he says. "You're allowed a 2-to-1 ratio—two times the amount of oil in the middle as on the outside of a lane—because the bowlers play basically in the middle and wear it down faster. But the night in question, the ABC says there wasn't enough oil from, say, the seventh or eighth board to the edge. That's the amazing thing. They say there wasn't enough oil outside the eighth board."

He kneels down. "Any time you get a dry condition through here [the points at Boards 1 through 8 on the right edge of the lane] and a heavy oil condition over here [the points at the track] you're creating what they call a wall. The ball doesn't want to go over, so it rides the oil till it hits the drier boards, where it'll turn in hard, which will tend to make it hit the pocket. That's the whole thing their case is built on—the amount of oil from the outside to the inside. They're saying it was too dry here and too oily there."

The wall condition isn't always accidental, and bowling proprietors are often accused of lane doctoring to boost scores. Oil is applied to a bowling lane by a knee-high, box-shaped robot that rolls from foul line to pin deck, cleaning, buffing and spewing polish automatically. The depth of the oil at any board can be controlled by adjusting the machine.

"Sure," Rogers says with a shrug. "I know how to set up a lane outside if I want to set it up. I can make it as easy or as tough as I want to. But to make a true wall condition, you usually need to go 40 feet or so with oil. You run a heavy strip right down the middle. I don't do that." He shakes his head. "I just don't know how they got their readings."

Rogers contends that at the first in-

spection the spring-loaded "lane analyzer" gauge was mislabeled or misread by the ABC's field representatives; that they tested an insufficient number of boards; and that later tests conducted by the ABC resulted in readings that were inconsistent with the first ones. "I get hot about it," he says, looking pained. "We had a 299 here about a month and a half earlier, and the ABC okayed it. We had a 300 here last Saturday and they okayed that."

"I tell you, the La Habra lanes that night were legal."

Rogers admits that his claims carry no more weight than any other interested observer's. Taking his own measurements after Allison's 900 would have constituted "tampering," and tests conducted days after the event are considered invalid because of changes in temperature and humidity and the inevitable deterioration of the oil condition.

Certainly there is nothing vague or arbitrary about the ABC's "Lane Dressing Inspection Report" form, which has about 3,000 words of "suggested inspection procedure" printed on its back. The information therein is so specific that it tells the inspector how the tendons and veins on the back of his hands should look when he does a "smear" test. The instructions clearly echo the ABC rule book's insistence that "dressing must be distributed gutter to gutter, and any increase or decrease in the amount of dressing must be gradual." In treating the question of track wear, the instructions concede that some drying is inevitable on the heavily used boards, but the inspector is advised, "At no time . . . would the edges of a lane be dried out due to bowling activity." For a high score to be sanctioned, "Dressing should always be evident on both sides of the ball path."

"We feel our inspectors have the training and experience to make a fair and honest evaluation," says Kellermann. He declines to discuss specifics of the disputed lane reports—standard ABC policy—but he rejects the notion that the ABC is a "supercop" punishing bowlers who submit high-score claims. "We approve the overwhelming majority of the claims that are submitted to the ABC," he argues. "Last year there were more than 12,000 awards in the major categories—the 298, 299, 300 and 800 series. That's 12,000 claims bowled under rules and requirements that met ABC standards.

Only several hundred were not approved for one reason or another."

Of those denied, many were victims of what Kellermann calls "circumstances"—equipment malfunctions and the like. A few were willful violations. "Most of the lane operators play fully within the rules and requirements," he says, "but in a few cases people think they have to deliberately provide some help to their bowlers. We feel that if scoring is to remain meaningful, we must maintain a standard."

If that sounds cold, Kellermann submits that it is meant to be fair. "Certainly, Glenn has the credentials," he says. "He's a four-time ABC Tournament champion. He's in our Hall of Fame. But we make these decisions based on the facts, as best as they can be obtained. We can't make decisions based on sentiment or popularity."

To Allison's nephew, Ron, who is 40 years old and is as intense as his uncle is calm, Kellermann's explanation is lame. "I don't care if you put mayonnaise on the lanes," he said one recent night at the La Habra 300 Bowl. "You still couldn't carry 36 straight strikes. And the scores that night were down, even on that pair of lanes! It's hard to put into words what I feel about him. I remember

when I was 13 or 14, he was bowling for the Pabst Blue Ribbon team, and he came home for a visit. He'd left his bowling ball and bowling shoes behind, but he went with me and my friends to the Friendly Hills alley in Whittier, and he said, 'I'll throw a 300 for you.' The first 12 balls he threw were all in the pocket. He shot a 300 in front of my eyes with a house ball and house shoes!"

As Ron told this story, Glenn appeared at his shoulder. Ron turned and said, "I was just telling how you bowled a 300 for me when you came home."

Glenn smiled affably. "I didn't bowl a 300," he said. "I shot 299. And the very next game, your grandfather and my wife both beat me," he added with a laugh. Then he saluted with his beer and walked away.

Ron could be excused for his confusion. Uncle Glenn once bowled a 300 game in front of his own mother on her

continued



Dave Lamsky, manager of ABC's testing and research center, conducts tactile (top) and smear tests for excess oil, then takes a reading with the standard lane analyzer.



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continued

birthday in 1964. He bowled the 900 for Jessie Thompson on her birthday.

Allison's predilection for performing well in the relaxed company of family and friends can be traced back to his youth. The Whittier Bowling Academy, where he rolled his first 300 game in open play at the age of 16, was operated by Lamar and Glida Acocks—she would be Glenn's teammate on the night of the 900, 36 years later.

Allison averaged 200 for the first time when he was 19, and bowled in his first ABC Tournament, in Los Angeles, in 1947. He won San Francisco's Washington's Birthday tournament in 1950, his first significant title, and followed it with a victory in the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* event the same year. Drafted into the Army in 1951, he spent two years with the Quartermaster Corps in Korea. He returned to California and worked in a machine shop until some promoters invited him to Paramus, N.J. to appear on a new television show, *Championship Bowling*, hosted by Chris Schenkel. Allison jumped at it.

Allison didn't find being a professional bowler as financially rewarding as he had hoped, but his induction, in 1979, into the ABC Hall of Fame reflects his stature as one of the great team bowlers of the 1950s and '60s. He spent three years with Joe Krstof's Pabst Blue Ribbon team in Chicago and six more with the heralded Fabstaff team of St. Louis, where he bowled with Jim St. John, Ron Gaudern, Billy Welu, Dick Hoover, Harry Smith, Al Savas, Norm Meyers and team captain Steve Nagy. "Glenn was very low-key," says Marzich, "but one of the cleverest bowlers I've ever known. The only guy that could rule him was Hoover." Ruled or not, Allison bowled a powerful 780 series as Hoover's teammate when the two won the 1962 ABC doubles.

The era of the great bowling teams died with formation of the Professional Bowlers Association in 1958. Allison drifted back to California and "retired," only to return to the PBA tour in 1966 for four years. In that span he won his five

tour titles and four ABC tournament team championships, one with the Ace Mitchell Shur-Hooks. He retired permanently after a 730 series for an ABC Classic singles title in 1970.

"I was one of those sports figures who felt like it was never going to end," Allison says. "So when it did, I had some very tough times." After a year or so giving bowling lessons, Allison leased a bowling center near Los Angeles International Airport, which he operated as Glenn Allison Lanes until a 1976 fire badly damaged the building. A partnership in a vending-machine firm was no



Brooks in 1955: He's still the record holder.

more successful. "I just couldn't adjust," he says. "I had the outlook of a bowler, not of a businessman." Even his bowling suffered. "I lost interest. When I was through work, I didn't care to bowl."

In 1979 Bob asked him to manage the family-owned liquor store. "I knew absolutely nothing about the business," Allison says, but working in a liquor store proved to be a restorative to his bowling game. "The store is so different from what I did all my life," he says. "It's been fun, and it's taken me out of the bowling Establishment. I think that rekindled my interest." In the past year Allison has bowled in four leagues, ending a five-year layoff from formal competition.

"Maybe I'm in a more relaxed frame of mind," he said one day last month over a crème de menthe in a La Habra steak house, while he was contemplating his

appeal. "And maybe I'm bowling as well as I ever have." He turned to Jessie and smiled. "It remains to be seen."

Something in the lines around Allison's eyes betrayed doubts. "I've been close to the top in bowling through many years," he said, "but I never reached it. I would have liked to have been the top money-winner on the tour, or to have been Bowler of the Year.

"But the 900 series, if it were sanctioned, that's something that could never be broken. I would always be at the top of the record books, and as far as I'm concerned, that would make me immortal." He smiled. "That's the issue. My immortality I want it." He nodded thoughtfully. "I do want it."

Bill Taylor says, "He should get it."

For two decades Taylor, the bearded one, the Bowling Guru, the sport's most outrageous gadfly, has waged a relentless crusade, in print and in person, against the bowling Establishment.

There's hardly a trend in recent memory that hasn't met with Taylor's thunderous denunciation, and his name elicits groans and the rolling of eyes at ABC headquarters. "Don't waste too much time with Taylor," warns an official. "He's kind of a screwball in the bowling industry."

"Bill Taylor is probably the most controversial figure in bowling," says Allison, who studied bowling theory under Taylor in the mid-'60s. "But I've found him to be the most knowledgeable person I've ever talked to about the game. When he first started, his was a lone voice, but as time passes, Bill has gained many, many followers."

"If they had any sense, they'd give it to Glenn," Taylor says. "I mean, from the standpoint of satisfying public opinion, which is neither here nor there, except that in this case they know the man's a shooter. He's a shooter! And down the road, if they continue on this path, some 18-year-old who can't bowl a lick will get it."

Taylor snorts. "I've been against high scores for a long time—unearned high scores, that is—and ordinarily they'd expect to hear from me, 'Out with this score!'" His eyes narrow. "Ordinarily. But I checked the lane reports, and those lanes met the conditions specified in the rule book.

"The position of the ABC is that there was an insufficient amount of dressing on

continued



the far right side. Allison's position is that no relevance can be attached to the absence of sufficient dressing on the far right, a non-guidance area. What's relevant, in Allison's view, is that there was no line of dressing on the left side of the ball track to guide any errant shots to the strike pocket. In other words, had he ex-

in every Tuesday night for the rest of your life. . . ." Taylor's eyes blaze. " . . . And a 900 series wouldn't happen. That's how miraculous it was."

Although he's a firm believer in standards, Taylor treats the ABC's inspection procedures with undisguised contempt. "They say in the instructions that more oil may be put in the middle if it makes a gradual curve to the edges, so they're speaking of a slight crown, a slight arch," he says. "But there are no numerical references. One guy says this is a crown and another guy says that is a crown. It's like a cop in a little town in Georgia who

ling their fingers at the proprietors. They keep saying, 'crooked bowling proprietors.' But the ABC is the main culprit. They approved the pins that don't want to stand up, they approved the balls, they approved the lanes—they even approved the bowler, by putting Glenn in their Hall of Fame! How can they not approve the scores?"

The ABC, if it weren't holding its tongue, could fairly accuse Taylor of trafficking in sentiment, not to mention opportunism, in spearheading the Allison appeal, especially when Taylor suggests the ABC can't sanction all the high score claims it receives because the award rings it gives away are too costly. But other Allison supporters with no ax to grind are equally in favor of sanctioning the 900, even, they suggest, if the lanes weren't right. This heresy—akin to allowing a wind-aided sprint record to stand or accepting a course record by a golfer using an illegal ball—derives from many bowlers' conviction that Allison's 900 was one of the greatest achievements in sports history, regardless of conditions, and should be recognized as such.

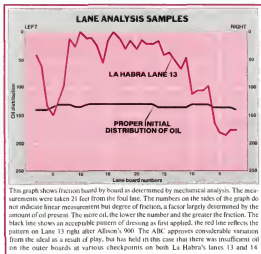
The Allison faithful like to bring up the ABC's precision ball-rolling machine, which can hit the pocket unflinchingly at precisely controlled speeds, but which has never bowled a 300 game, much less a 900 series. "I don't know if that's really pertinent," responds the ABC's Kellermann.

Allison points out that when the crowd at La Habra urged him to see how long he could keep striking after bowling the 900, he threw four more strikes and then left a solid 8-pin with a perfect pocket hit. "I threw that ball as well as I threw any all night," Allison says. "Probably better, in fact, than 50 percent of the strikes I got." Similarly, the next weekend in a mixed-doubles tournament, Allison reports that he bowled poorly in the first game, "but the next three games I hit the pocket on all but one shot. And I shot a total of 637." He chuckles. "That's 263 pins less. But you see, I didn't have the right speed. I didn't have the right bowling ball. I didn't have the right head or something. It wasn't the same."

What, then, was so right about the night of July 1?

"That particular night was strange," he says. "I bowled the early league, and I was trying out a new ball I'd just drilled. And I shot a three-game series of 578. I

continued



This graph shows friction board by board as determined by mechanical analysis. The measurements were taken 21 feet from the foul line. The numbers on the sides of the graph do not indicate linear measurement but degree of friction, a factor largely determined by the amount of oil present. The more oil, the lower the number and the greater the friction. The black line shows an acceptable pattern of dressing as first applied; the red line reflects the pattern on Lane 13 right after Allison's 900. The ABC approves considerable variation from the ideal as a result of play, but has held in this case that there was insufficient oil on the outer boards at various checkpoints on both La Habra's lanes 13 and 14.

cutted a shot poorly enough that the ball would have tended to go left of the strike pocket, there was no oil line to keep it from doing so. Additionally, Allison claimed in his appeal that the inspectors' graphs of the oil distribution on Lanes 13 and 14 are at odds with the results of the other ABC-required written tests.

"What Glenn did was miraculous," says Taylor. "You could bring the top 20 stars in tonight, say, 'This is your pair of lanes, how do you want 'em? We'll fix 'em exactly that way and you can come

pulls you over for speeding, and you say, 'Where's the speed limit sign? I didn't see a sign!' And he says, 'Well, you're just going too fast.'" Taylor shrugs. "Well, how fast is too fast? They won't say!"

"The ABC's in a double bind. On one side they've got the bowling hierarchy, the high-average bowlers, in favor of this score—they recognize Glenn's feat. On the other hand, the ABC has this program they think they've been on since 1970 of not honoring unearned scores." Taylor leans forward. "They keep point-

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finished with three strikes, but I wasn't happy with the way the ball worked, so I put that one away and dug out another one, my Columbia Yellow Dot. And when I started bowling again, everything just fell into place. My speed was perfect. My composure was perfect. It must have been, the way it turned out.

"I was in a daze from the 18th strike on, but I never thought anything about back-to-back 300s until I got the eighth strike in the second game. Then I started to become a little nervous. After I got the second 300, my exact thought was 'Maybe I can shoot a big 800 series.' I was looking forward to shooting 240 or 250 and getting a big 800. I never dreamed of shooting a third 300."

Not, at least, until after the eighth strike in the third game, when Allison approached his brother and confessed that his knees were starting to shake. "He turned pretty white," Glada Acocks recalls. "Because that's when I thought I really had a chance to do it," Allison says. "Up to then, I kept thinking, 'Gee, I can shoot 850,' or 'Gee, I can shoot 860.' But after I threw the eighth one, I knew I just needed four more strikes for . . . [He hesitates.] . . . well, immortality in the bowling game."

Allison says his ball in the 10th frame reflected his nervousness: "I knew I was getting to the foul line badly and I knew I was going to pull the shot to the left. I tried to flatten it, not get the lift on the ball—an instinctive move to make it softer so that it wouldn't hook. And I did. It wasn't where it should have been—it sailed into the pocket high—but the head pin came off the wall and hit the 4-pin and the 4-pin fell into the 9-pin."

"I was lucky. That's really the one that I needed to beat Allie Brandt's record. After that, I hit a moment of calm. The last two shots I threw probably as well

as I threw any shot all night long."

Allison doesn't remember much else about his feat. "I don't think it would have been possible if I hadn't been a real student of the game," he says. "If I hadn't studied the game thoroughly with Bill Taylor, I don't think there's any conceivable way I could have achieved the 900."

"Afterward my immediate reaction was, 'I did it!' I had tears in my eyes."

Glenn Allison, Mr. 900, thought it was impossible? He smiles. "Well, in 80-some years it's never officially been done."



Allison (middle row, left) with the 1960 national champions.

The week after he bowled the 900, Columbia Industries, the delighted manufacturers of the ball that carried 36 straight strikes, bought Allison's ball back from him for \$3,000. It will ultimately be displayed in a glass case in the lobby of Columbia's San Antonio factory, and the company plans to show it at trade shows and tournaments across the country. Allison takes calm enjoyment from the sudden flurry of endorsement offers, picture-taking sessions and interviews. "I've even had an offer to tour the Far East," he says.

Allison took several days off from the liquor store in September to compete in the PBA Seniors tournament in Canton, Ohio, where he was met by a small army of bowling writers and reporters anxious to discuss the 900 series. What skepticism they may have felt evaporated when

Allison stunned fans at the Friday night pro-am event by bowling five straight strikes to end his second game and then 12 more in the third for an in-your-face 300 game.

"Talk about Reggie being Mr. October," Marzich says, laughing. "Glenn is Mr. 300."

"At 52 years old," Glada Acocks says, "Glenn Allison is throwing a better ball than he did as a touring pro."

Those assessments might beguile some bowlers into thinking they should rejoin the PBA circuit, but Allison says that his legs can no longer tolerate 42 games in three days under stress. "I'm in the liquor business," he says, "and I intend to stay in the liquor business." His enthusiastic brother and nephew, he's quick to point out, have encouraged him to take time off from work to reap the rewards and honors from his 900 series. "I think we're going to work it out so I can have my fantasy and be in the real world, too."

Taylor, meanwhile, is orchestrating Allison's court challenges to the ABC ruling: He intends to hand the Allison case over to Bob (The Bowling Barrister) Weaver, an attorney from the state of Washington, who's also president of the Bowling Writers Association of America.

To meet the anticipated legal costs, the La Habra 300 Bowl hopes to hold a benefit pro-am event, and other supporters have organized an appeal for \$1 donations from Southern California bowlers, with the goal of raising from \$50,000 to \$100,000. St. Louis bowler Ray Orf, who tried unsuccessfully to get the courts to recognize his rejected 890 series 10 years ago, has offered to turn the legal files of his efforts over to the Allison cause.

Allison faces the future calmly. If immortality is denied him, he's at least confident that his stature among bowling mortals is assured.

"The bowling world has accepted my 900," he says, "and I'm pleased with that. Whether or not the ABC sanctions it, my 900 is something that the world knows about. And, of course, I'll always know that I did it."

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**A MARATHONER HAS A WILD TIME WITH
A COUGAR, A BEAR FAMILY AND A GOAT**

Late last April, in preparation for the Western States 100 Mile Endurance Run in June, I began going on long, slow, weekly training runs through the southern Oregon mountains—sessions of from seven to 12 hours that covered as many as 60 miles. I'd fully expected that such extended periods of time alone in remote and rugged country would bring on extremes of emotion: waves of exaltation, bouts with self-pity and, most predictable of all, great stretches of excruciating boredom.

But it turned out that the training runs were far more eventful and exciting than I'd imagined they would be. I have no idea what caused it—heavier than usual snowpack at higher elevations, the glorious weather that came unexpectedly in early spring, a sharp upturn in wildlife populations or, most likely, mere coincidence—but I had more close encounters with animals than I'd experienced during the previous 15 years of hunting, hiking and running through the same mountains.

The first encounter occurred on a cool, sunny morning in early May, when I heard a cougar scream. I was just below the snow line in the Siskiyou Mountains, more than halfway along on an eight-hour 50-miler. About 60 yards ahead of me the trail curved sharply around some huge gray boulders that were piled at least 40 feet high. A large, nervous-looking doe came out from behind the boulders, looked back, hesitated for a second, and then, crossing the trail, bounded down a steep slope through a thick stand of Douglas fir. I could hear the hooves, like muffled drumbeats, on the forest floor. When I reached the spot where the doe's tracks crossed the trail, I stopped to look, but she was already out of sight in the shade of the trees below me. It was then, when I stopped and turned my back to the boulders, that I must have come between the cougar and its meal.

When the cat screamed, I jumped at least a foot off the ground. I glanced

down at my forearm—I don't really know why except that I felt a tingling sensation there—and saw large goose bumps under a film of sweat and the hairs standing on end. Though I'd been running effortlessly over fairly level terrain for at least an hour, my heart was suddenly pounding loudly in my ears.

The scream lasted four or five seconds, and it sounded something like a hysterically shrieking woman. But even louder than that. It was primitive, a shrill, high-pitched screech that became higher in pitch as it increased in volume. Soon my ears were ringing, as if I'd been standing too close to an explosion, and just as I turned in the direction from which it was coming, the scream, at its highest pitch, stopped as abruptly as it had begun.

I never saw the animal. I think I saw where it had been, in a narrow, shaded crevice in the boulders about 20 feet above me.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP H. HARRIS



For a few seconds after the shrieking ceased, I was aware of my vulnerability in ways that I'd never thought of before. Unprovoked cougar attacks on men are rare—though there have been a number of recorded incidents involving children—but I wasn't sure if coming between a cougar and his dinner was provocation or not. I was acutely conscious of my quick, shallow breathing, of the throbbing in my veins, of tired, insubstantial muscle over bone and of damp, fragile skin. I turned and ran on.

But my instinctive, momentary fear was quickly transformed into elation. By the time I got home—and the running seemed easy the whole way—I realized that from now on I wouldn't regard the lonely countryside as quite so lonely any more.

A week later I took another trail and

began my run at 6 a.m. By eight I was near the end of a gradual 10-mile climb in the Cascade Range that would level off at an elevation of 5,000 feet. Already during the long climb I had seen a pileated woodpecker, several deer, some blue grouse and a family of mountain quail—two adults and at least eight half-grown chicks.

It was ideal running weather, cool and clear and with a slight breeze blowing out of the west, and the trail was due west, so the bright morning sun was directly behind me. I was daydreaming when I ran into the mother bear and her two cubs, and it was the direction of the wind and bright sun—combined with bears' poor vision—that allowed me to get as close as I did without them picking up my scent. When I spotted the first cub, it was standing sideways to me, in the shade at the edge of the trail only 20 yards ahead looking down over the edge into the forest. I stopped in my tracks, and then I saw the second cub, just behind the first, facing me, staring straight in my direction, apparently blinded by the sun.

What little I knew about bears sped through my mind. The young had probably been born in February. These two cubs were thick-furred and the color of cinnamon—a common hue for the American black bear—and looked to weigh about 60 pounds. Their mother was undoubtedly nearby, and I knew that she was the only real danger. I considered backing up to reduce the possibility of coming between a she-bear and her young.

As that thought occurred to me, the mother appeared on the trail, just in front of the first cub. She grunted once softly, and the three of them began to walk straight at me, with the she-bear, also cinnamon-colored and weighing a good 250 pounds, leading the way. I'd never been so close to a bear in my life, and when the mother was 10 yards away, I knew that it was close enough. This time, when I turned and ran, it was out of fear.

But I needn't have worried. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw the mother stop and look at me, staring hard, leaning forward, apparently more curious than frightened or angry. The two cubs stood on either side of her, and they were watching me, too.

continued

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Sports Illustrated
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FIRST PERSON *continued*

When I had put at least 30 or 40 yards between us, I stooped again, turned and watched as the mother used her long snout to nudge the cubs into the forest through which the trail was cut. They then sprinted down a slope between the trees. Their mother galloped behind the cubs, and after they were out of sight, I still heard them crashing through the underbrush.

The image of the solicitous mother herding her young off the trail stayed with me during the rest of the run—and through the week that followed. On the very remote chance that I might see the three of them again, I took the same route at the same time on my next long weekend run.

There was no sign of the mother and cubs, but I may have—almost literally—run into the father. I was going down a long, gradual decline about three miles beyond where I had seen the cubs and their mother the week before, when I saw a large, solitary bear about 100 yards away. Even at that distance I was sure that it was too big to be a female. He was walking slowly along the trail in the same direction I was, unaware that anything or anyone was near him. I slowed down to watch, keeping my distance. After half a minute or so, as the bear rounded a bend, I ran hard to close the gap. I wanted to reach the bend as quickly as I could for a better look. I calculated that if the bear kept his lazy pace, I would be within 25 or 30 yards of him when I made the turn myself. Perhaps the bear heard my footsteps, or it might have been chance, but, whatever the explanation, once around the bend, he had turned and started back toward me.

When I saw him, I hesitated for the fastest stop I've ever made, and even then there were barely two yards of trail between us. I was close enough to smell him. He was huge and handsome, with a thick, lustrous, deep brown coat that had a light patch high on the breast. His ears popped forward as his dark eyes stared into mine.

Though I was too startled to move, my mind was working. I didn't think I was in danger. He didn't seem to be angry or curious, or especially frightened about me, either. On the contrary, to me he looked amused. He gazed straight into my eyes, heaved a great sigh, turned without haste to my left and lumbered off into the trees, over a grassy little hill with a large rotting log on it. The muscles under his coat

moved the gleaming hairs the way a field of ripe grain is rhythmically stirred by wind. He didn't hurry, never looked back and was out of sight in seconds. I was alone in the mountains with yet another vivid memory.

The experience that came closest to causing me bodily harm didn't involve a cougar or a bear. On a 17-mile run through some steep, rocky hills near my home in Ashland, I was chased off the trail by a belligerent goat.

Wild goats are highly uncommon in southern Oregon, which is why I didn't believe I was seeing one standing 15 or 20 yards up the trail from me. I was near the end of a climb through jack pines, manzanita and poison oak, and it was warm—at least 85°—and sweat was running into my eyes. For several minutes I had been staring down at the dusty, rock-strewn trail in front of my running shoes, and when I glanced up to assure myself that the top of the hill wasn't far off, there the goat was, hearded, white-coated and impressively long-horned, glaring at me. I wiped the sweat from my eyes, blinked, and looked again. He was still there, I foolishly kept running, unable to comprehend what my eyes saw, and when I was 10 yards away from him, he charged. He sprang forward, landed on all fours, then lowered his head. His horns were at the level of my stomach as he barreled down the hill.

Just in time, I jumped to my left over a manzanita bush, slipped on some loose stones, landed on my side on poison oak, scrambled up and circled behind the nearest pine tree. When I looked around the tree, the goat was standing in the trail exactly where I had left it, glaring at me over the manzanita bush, head half lowered in what appeared to me to be a challenge.

It wasn't a challenge I cared to meet, so I avoided the trail and found my way through the brush and trees to the top of the hill. I looked back from time to time, and the goat, though he didn't move, watched me all the way.

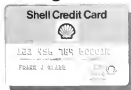
Half an hour later, coming down the trail toward home, I was prepared to make another sudden detour if I had to. But the goat had vanished. He must have been a feral animal, probably an escapee from a farm in the Rogue River Valley a few miles away. The next time I run that trail, he won't surprise me, and neither will anything else I encounter, there or anywhere else.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 5-7

Compiled by ARMIN KUTETIAN

BASKETBALL—The losing streak of the Cleveland Cavaliers continued, completing it at Detroit (118-119), Chicago (110-111) and New Jersey (99-91). The loss to Detroit, No. 22 in a streak extending to last season's loss to an NBA record by the Pistons over the 1979-80 and 1980-81 seasons. Another of the league's doomsday, San Diego, fared slightly better, although it didn't win either. In a 118-111 loss to Philadelphia, Clayton Grand Kirby Smith eclipsed Johnny Kerr's consecutive-game streak by playing his 145th straight game. San Diego also signed its first-round pick, 6'10" power forward Jerry Cummings, to a four-year, \$1.5 million deal. Cummings made an individual-season scoring 39 points in his first two games. But it wasn't enough to end Cleveland's streak. San Diego has now lost 17 straight on the road. Milwaukee will place the Central Division but Chicago Guard Reggie Theus had the work to remember, scoring 111 points in three games. In the Atlantic Division, Boston and Philadelphia both unbeaten at the top-off, staged a double-overturn as the Flyers won 119-115 as James Edwards Moses, Milwaukee skinned 54 points in the Midwest Division, where San Antonio holds the lead. Dallas' 4-2 start is as best as the Hawks' three-year history. Their 3-1 week started only by a 112-100 loss to Phoenix. Los Angeles unleashed some opening loss to Golden State but still trailing undefeated Seattle in the standings, dumped Denver twice, 135-114 and 131-101. Rickie James Worley got 42 points in those games and won the first on a tap-in OT.

BOWLING—WAYNE WEBB routed Pete Weber 284-215 to win his 10th PBA crown title, the \$100,000 Columbia Open at Sterling Heights, Mich.

DONNA ADAMEK edged Nikki Gonalvis 192-189 to win the \$25,000 Belleville III Open.

BOXING—ELEONOR MERCEDES was awarded a split 15-second decision over defending champion Freddie Luthin to win the WBC flyweight title in Los Angeles.

EQUINE—At the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, the UNITED STATES won the four-nation competition with 112½ points, defeating second-place France by 6½ points.

GOLF—NANCY LOPEZ shot a nine-under-par 216 to win the \$700,000 Japan Classic. Lopez defeated Amy Alcock by six strokes.

HOCKEY—Calgary and Edmonton finally share only an intense intraprovincial rivalry but last week the two Alberta cities, in effect, worked together. The Flames and Oilers helped their NHL Division in a 6-3-1 record in interdivisional games, a slightly better mark than that of the Atlantic Division (5-4), and they are ahead of none of the Norris (3-3) and Patrick (2-2) divisions. Calgary dominated, under Coach Bob Johnston, the Wizard of Winnipeg (where he won NCAA titles in '73, '77, and '81), Cal is hitting as streak as it damaged New Jersey, 6-7-2 in its last nine games. 6-3 at Larry McDonald scored three times for the Flames. Three regions later, McDonald missed the league post-scheduling lead by bagging his 15th and 16th goals, including the game-winner with 65 seconds left, in a 7-5 beating of Winnipeg. Calgary then tied the New York Rangers 2-2 on Paul Reinhart's slap shot with 1:22 remaining. The Flames finished the week by losing 5-3 at Winnipeg to trail division-leading Los Angeles by two points, while Edmonton grounded the Jets 7-2 early in the week before succumbing to the Rangers 5-1, thanks to four third-period goals. In the Patrick, the division-leading New York Islanders' 10 game home unbeaten streak was broken as The Pittsburgh Penguins, who stopped a league record 15 game Islanders winning streak last season, did the same again. The visit was 3-1 in Phil Bessette routed his 14th goal. New York's late goal came from Bryan Bortner on an assist from NHL Player of October Mike Bossy, who had 34 points in 12 games during the month. The goal gave Bossy an 18th career point after only slightly more than last season. Philadelphia also beat the Islanders 6-3 to move within five points of first. Finally, when division leaders Montreal (Atlanta) and Minnesota (New

rol) met, the Canadiens had a blast. Montreal, enjoying its second straight 3-0 week, defeated the North Stars, who lead the surprise Chicago Black Hawks (page 72) by two points, 6-3.

HORSE RACING—SLEWIFY (158-60), Angel Cordero Jr. up against previously unbeaten Copelan to win the \$126,500 Young America Stakes at the Meadowlands. The 2-year-old colt, the 1½, rules in 1:41½ to defeat Red Bay 1½ lengths. Copelan was fourth.

APRIL'S RUN 181-421, with Cash Armstrong aboard, best Magey's Prince by 8½ lengths to take the \$250,000 Washington D.C. International at Laurel. The 4-year-old filly ran the 1½ miles in 2:31.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON averaged 130.885 mph in a Chevy to win a 500-mile NAPA Air race at the 1.52-mile International Motorsport Raceway oval. Allison won by 46 seconds over Harry Gant in a Buick.

TOM SNEVA, in a March-Cowbirds, averaged 110.997 mph on the one-mile Phoenix International Raceway oval to win the Phoenix 150 Indy car race for the third consecutive year. He finished up second ahead of Rick Mears.

TENNIS—PAUL MCNAMEE scored a 4-6, 7-5, 7-5, 2-6, 6-3 victory over Guillermo Vilas to win a \$300,000 WCT tournament in Towson, Md.

The UNITED STATES defeated Britain 6-1 in the best-of-seven Wightman Cup series.

WRESTLING—At the World Professional Championships in Munich, LAMAR GALT of Greeley, Colo. set a world record with a 518-pound squat in the 123-pound class.

MILPOETS—AWARDED To Milwaukee night-and-day pitcher PETE VUCKOVICH, 38, the 1982 American League Cy Young Award. He had an 18-6 record with a 3.34 ERA in 227½ innings.

CONVICTED By a six-member Duke County, Fla. jury, James Stuart Delphus (1949-75) and San Diego Charger (1976) Running Back EUGENE (Metrol) MORRIS, 35, on one count of trafficking in cocaine, one count of conspiracy to traffic in cocaine and two counts of possession of cocaine remnants from his participation in a \$120,000 drug deal in August 1981. Morris faces a minimum of 15 years in prison without parole and could receive a 55-year term.

FAILED TO RENEW By major league baseball owners, a third seven-year term for Commissioner BOWIE KUHNS '86, whose current reign ends on Aug. 13, 1983, after 14½ years of service. Kuhn failed to obtain the mandatory 75% support of the owners in each league. The American League vote was 11-3, the National League 7-5.

FINED By the NBA, New Jersey Net Coach LARRY BROWN, \$1,500 for verbally abusing Referee Dick Ravetto following the Nov. '95 exhibition loss to Washington on Oct. 23.

SIGNED To a one-year contract to manage the California Angels, JOHN MCNAMARA, 51, who has previously managed in Oakland (1974-77) and Cincinnati (1978-82). He guided the Reds to a four-year 279-244 record and a National League West title in 1979. Formerly San Diego Third Baseman DOUG RADER, 38, to manage the Texas Rangers, succeeding Interim Manager Donnell Johnson. He is a two-year contract in slapper of the Cincinnati Indians. Former New York Yankees Coach MIKE FERRARO, 38, to manage the Yankees. Former pitcher (1974-78), he won three divisional titles.

DIED Former New York Highlander, Yankee and Cincinnati Red pitcher and longtime University of Michigan baseball coach RAY FOSTER, 95, of natural causes, in Ann Arbor. Mitch Foster pitched in the majors from 1950 to 1952 and had a record of 97-93. He was the oldest surviving member of both the Yankees and the Reds.

CREDITS

6—George Teichman 26-30—Tony Toney 20—John Jacobs 20-21—George Galloway 10-30—Manny Ricklin 10-20—Marion Moran 24-30—Bill Klumbe 20—Richard Mackson 20-21—Joe Kuehl 24-30—John J. Noble 24-30—George Teichman 44—24—James 20-21—Ronald C. Moore 22-30—Clayton 24—Tony Toney 19-20—Bill Smith 10—Chart by Paul J. Rogers

FACES IN THE CROWD



CHIP GATTIN
HARLIN TEXAS

Gattin, a recent Harlin High grad, twice won the East Texas high school all-around wrestling crown and was a two-time state runner-up in calf roping. He was also Class A champion in the 110-meter high hurdles in 1982 and co-champ in 1982.



LORI PAUL
St. Louis

Lori, 22, amassed a 23-9 record for the Melville Hockey League champion St. Louis Angels football team. She had 265 strikeouts in 203 innings and four no-hitters and also led the Angels with a .455 average and 60 RBIs.



BILL SHELLENBERGER
LYNCHBURG, VA.

Shellenberger, 61, the second-winningest soccer coach in NCAA history, got his 160th career victory with the Lynchburg College-defeated Radford University 6-2. Now in his 28th year in Lynchburg, he has a career winning percentage of .706.



JAMES WEAVER
LORETTA, IND.

James, a senior back at Lafayette Jefferson High, rushed for a school-record 338 yards on 30 carries and had four TDs in the Bronchos' 34-19 win over Anderson High in 12 games. He gained 2,360 yards on 304 carries and scored 33 touchdowns.



JULIET FLYNN
WILLIAMSBURG, MISS.

Flynn, 31, has coached the Pine Cabbage School girls' lacrosse team to an eight-year record of 51-1-6 including a 10-0 mark this season. Overall, Pine Cabbage has outscored its opponents 201-48, 42-5 during the 1982 regular season.



JOHN KUESTER
WELLES, IOWA

John, 17, ran his high school career pitching record to 37-0 and threw his best no-hitter of the season at Norway High last April 13-1 for the Iowa fall title. This autumn, Kuester had a 0-33 ERA, 89 strikeouts in 42 innings and hit 620.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE CARDS' SERIES

Sir:

I can't remember ever reading a more enjoyable, more descriptive or more humorous article on a World Series than Ron Fimre's piece on the sixth and seventh games between St. Louis and Milwaukee (*For All You Do, This Hag's for You*, Nov. 1). Fimre is to be congratulated on his warm insight into the proceedings.

JOHN ALLEN
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

Congratulations on your World Series coverage by Steve Wulf and Ron Fimre. I have one complaint, though. I know the pro basketball season is starting, but Moses Malone on the Nov. 1 cover? Pitiful. I've been a St. Louis Cardinal fan for 22 years and was looking forward to seeing the best team in baseball featured there. Let's give credit where it's due.

MICHAEL FLORENT
Springfield, Ill.

Sir:

As I recall, in your baseball preview issue (April 12) you poked St. Louis to finish fourth in the National League East, behind the New York Mets. I believe you owe the world champion Cardinals an apology.

JAMES S. REED
St. Louis

NEW KID IN PHILLY

Sir:

Your Nov. 1 cover, with Moses Malone standing there ready to bring the NBA title to Philly where it belongs, is just awesome.

JEFF NEUBAERER
Canal Fulton, Ohio

Sir:

Manny Milam's cover photograph of Moses Malone caught my interest, and I'd like to know if Malone was actually there with all of those people when the photo was taken, or was the cover actually two pictures in one? My judgment is that Moses was superimposed onto the background. If it was only one photo, where was it taken?

DREW J. KUNKEL
University Park, Pa.

Sir:

My son says your cover photo of Malone was taken in Philadelphia. Is it doesn't look like a Philly crowd. Who's right?

THOMAS C. DUDLEY
Philadelphia

• The picture was taken on the steps of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Milam brought Moses there on Oct. 10 to pose alone for the cover. However, they discovered that it was a

Super Sunday in Philly, one of the several Sundays during the year on which the museum, the Franklin Institute and the Academy of Natural Sciences, institutions located along the city's Benjamin Franklin Parkway, sponsor a festival, complete with booths, food and entertainment, for the enjoyment of the public. Some of the festivalgoers thronging the area in front of the museum decided that they would pose for SI's cover photo, too.—ED.

Sir:

Malone has the name of Moses and the picture of Job. But in the picture on the Nov. 1 cover, I see a blue-eyed blond seemingly about to take a big bite out of the \$13.2 million man. What else will Malone have to endure to reach the Promised Land?

KENNETH N. KASHNER
Kinnaman, Ohio

TRAIL-BLAZING COACH

Sir:

As a St. Joseph's graduate—we are a university now—I share the enthusiasm John Paparek expressed in his tribute to Portland Trail Blazer Coach Jack Ramsey (*A Man Who Never Lets Down*, Nov. 1). Dr. Jack became a symbol of excellence for all students at St. Joseph's during his 11 years there. He was able to compete both intellectually and athletically with those from better-known and more prestigious schools. I'm indebted to you for paying tribute to a man who truly represents excellence in all aspects of life.

EDWARD P. GAVIGAN
Upper Marlboro, Md.

THE MUSTANGS

Sir:

I was thrilled to open the Nov. 1 issue and see Southern Methodist Tailback Eric Dickerson breaking loose on one of his long gains (*Mustangs on a Stampede*, Nov. 1). SMU has struggled through some lean years. Then last season was like shooting a hole in one when you're playing golf by yourself. The Mustangs were 10-1, but no one seemed to know it—probably because SMU was on NCAA probation and couldn't go to a bowl or appear on national TV. The simple fact is that the Mustangs are one of the best teams in the country. So thanks to John Paparek for an entertaining article, and to SI for some long-awaited recognition.

CURT STEUBS
Pecora, Ill.

Sir:

John Paparek's last paragraph was perfect. Just once, I'd like a University of Texas coach to admit that his team was beaten by a better one. SMU was the better team, and, in my

opinion, Eric Dickerson tippy-toed through Texas' defense pretty well.

BOB BOKER
Sherman, Texas

Sir:

I thought the article was a little biased in favor of SMU. Granted, the Mustangs were the No. 4 team in the nation, yet the facts of their game with Texas were not explored in detail. Take Eric Dickerson's rushing statistics: 19 carries for 118 yards. One carry covered 60 yards, but his other 18 were good for only 58 yards, a 3.2-yard average. This was the same Dickerson who had exploded for 241 yards against Houston the previous week. Any collegiate running back can run 60 yards when the blocks are right, but what about the blocks on those other 18 carries? And Craig James had 17 carries for only 57 yards (3.3 yards a crack). For a supposedly fantastic pair of running backs who planned to wear down the relatively young Texas defense by alternating offensive series, they sure didn't look all that good. I can't wait to read your articles on SMU's loss to Arkansas—and Arkansas' loss to Texas. Hook 'em, Horns!

DANIEL J. RODRIGUEZ
Austin, Texas

MARATHONERS

Sir:

As one of those fortunate enough to have competed in this year's New York City Marathon (*They Gobbled in the Big Apple*, Nov. 1), I have two recommendations for your Sportsman of the Year award: first, Alberto Salazar for his world record and 4-for-4 mark in the marathon and, second, Fred Lebow for creating, developing and managing an event with more than 14,000 participants and more than two million live spectators. The organizational effort that drives the New York Marathon is close to perfect, and the entire sport owes Lebow a debt of gratitude.

PAUL RUDOSKY
Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

I admit that the Boston and New York City marathons are two of sport's biggest thrills of the year, but I disagree with any suggestion that New York's is the premier race of the two. The field at New York may be star-studded and the times relatively better than they are in other marathons, but those facts don't make up for the race's faults. The biggest one of this year's extravaganzas was the cloud of dust that left runner-up Rodolfo Gomez wondering where Alberto Salazar, the man he was pursuing, had gone.

DICK DAWSON
Durham, N.H.

continued

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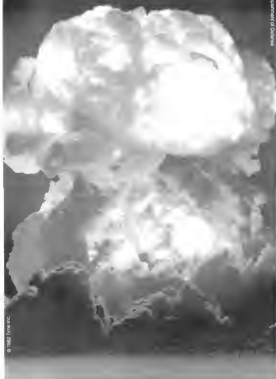
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16TH HOLE *continued*

Sir:

I think Craig Neff's article on the New York City Marathon was excellent writing, but I also think it missed the point. Anyone who finishes a marathon is a winner. In fact, those who finished after the four-hour mark may be the real winners. Many of them looked as though they'd spent a good part of their lives behind desks and steering wheels. Women's thighs jiggled and men's bellies bounced but, by God, they ran 26.2 miles! It was wonderful to see all those ordinary people do such an extraordinary thing. It was an exhilarating testament to man's potential.

SI ZANNE ROODMAN
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir:

I recall that after the 1981 New York race Kenny Moore, in his evey on moments to remember in your special *The Year in Sports* issue (Feb. 10), said that he wouldn't cover the next one and would probably be off on a long run somewhere in Oregon. I see that he didn't cover the marathon. I wonder if the second part of his statement was also true.

ROSS BRAY
New Haven, Conn.

• Far from it: Moore was off on a long assignment that took him to Brisbane, Australia (Covered on *Coronavirus Drive*, Oct. 18); Vicenza, Italy; and Coventry, England. The stories from those last two stops will appear in *SI* soon.—ED

JIM THORPE (CONT.)

Sir:

Your Jim Thorpe story (*The Regifting of a Legend*, Oct. 25) was expertly done. However, there was one mistake I think I should point out. I am quoted as saying that Oklahoma Governor William H. Murray double-crossed us by vetoing the \$25,000 appropriation for a Thorpe memorial.

It was Governor Johnston Murray, son of the first Governor Murray, who vetoed the bill in 1953. William H. Murray served as governor in the early 1930s and acted with great courage during his four-year term in the Depression era. I hope this small correction can be made, because William H. Murray was a distinguished and honest Oklahoman.

ROSS U. PORTER
Shawnee, Okla.

Sir:

You noted that Jim Thorpe had a twin brother, Charles. What became of him?

FRANK MANNING
Houston

• Charles Thorpe, who was less robust than his fraternal twin, Jim, died of pneumonia at the age of eight.—ED

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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